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A Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD
401 West 59th Street New York, N. Y.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

SEPTEMBER, 1936

EDITORIAL COMMENT

AN UNCOMPROMISING CHRISTIANITY

SOME one wrote the other day enthusiastically praising a book that had fallen into his hands. "It's a fine book," he says, "I can't sit still and read it. I have to jump up, run around the house and quote from it to anyone within reach. I have read passages to my wife, to the cook, to the children's nurse, to my neighbor across the way, to the policeman on the beat; I have stopped the mail carrier on his swift rounds to make him listen at least to a few sentences. It's a great book."

I have had some such experience with Paul Hanly Furfey's *Fire on the Earth*.[1] I have no wife, no nurse, no cook upon whom to vent my enthusiasm. Indeed while I was reading the advance sheets, I had no neighbor. Where I was there were no policemen. The letter-carrier came once a day, but he had to cover an area of fifty square miles or more, and he might have complained of me to Uncle Sam if I had interfered with the prompt delivery of the mail. But as soon as I returned from solitude, I besieged my *confrères* and released my pent up feelings with many a "Listen to This!" Perhaps the readers of this column will not be reluctant if I repeat the process with them. Whether Dr. Furfey's book as a whole will be hailed as "great" by the professional critics, I shall not venture to predict. I rather fear not. Critics are a crabbed sort—and cold. They couldn't feel "fire on earth" if you applied it to their skin—as for getting it into their soul—well, have critics a soul? But for those who feel as I do—I think they are the majority of CATHOLIC WORLD readers—the book will be a joy and a stimulus.

A Fine Book

DR. FURFEY'S theme is "Supernatural Sociology." His idea is that in dealing with social problems we must dare to apply supernatural principles, letting the wisdom of the world go hang; that we must show a divine contempt for the cautions caveats compromises of timid folk and persons of little faith. He has no patience

[1] New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

with such devil's maxims as "Be wary, be wise, be prudent, go softly, play safe." He declares point blank "When we preach caution and counsel moderation we are not following Christ. We are following the world because we are secretly afraid of the world's contempt. We are afraid to be called radicals and extremists. But this world which calls us extremists is not afraid to demand extreme heroism when its own selfish aims are to be served. . . . The same world which counsels heroism on the battlefield counsels moderation in the service of Christ. Let us have done with this hypocrisy. Let us be heroic if we dare, but if we are too cowardly let us not borrow excuses from the hypocritical world."

From a Forthright Author

Let that suffice as a sample of Dr. Furfey's spirit. Again and again he sounds that bold note. But he is not content with generalities. He gets quickly down to cases. His main concern being with social reform, he says:

"Thorough-going social Christianity must be an opposition movement. It must expect the antagonism of the most respected classes. . . . Some Catholics there are who are foolish enough to dream of compromise. . . . They say: Let us not overemphasize the supernatural. Let us develop and exploit the natural elements which exist in our system of social thought. Let us meet the opposition halfway. Let us adopt their phraseology and their methods. Let us make our universities and our social agencies as much like theirs as we can. Then, perhaps, the world may soften its opposition . . . and finally may be won over. What a foolish dream!"

Critics — especially ecclesiastical critics—won't like that contemptuous exclamation. They don't fancy anyone whose yea is yea and whose nay is nay. They prefer *"sic et non."* If one insists "not *sic et non* but *sic vel non*, they are scandalized at his "intolerance." To them Christianity is not a challenge but a compromise. They have forgotten the prophecy, "The world hath hated Me; it will hate you," and those other startling texts from Scripture, "The wisdom of the world is foolishness with God," "He that maketh himself a friend of the world becometh an enemy of God." For example: in the pulpit on Sunday certain pastors preach that secular education is a menace to Church and State, but between Sundays they send parochial school teachers and Catholic college faculties to the most "advanced" centers of secular education, not to learn and refute, but to learn and imitate.

Challenge Not Compromise

As for philanthropy, some Catholic sociologists consider it "the next best thing" to charity. They think the Church has much to learn from philanthropic societies. They administer the sacred charities of the Church as scientifically as impersonally as dispassionately as the A.C. or the C.O.S. or the A.I.C.P. administer what is called "relief." Dr. Furfey recognizes the tendency to copy the cold-blooded efficiency of the secular systems and he deplores it:

"In the field of social theory worldly prudence tells us that our reliance should be upon the best modern, tested, scientific methods. . . . Again, the merest worldly common sense tells us that for our so-

cial action, we must have money. To raise money we must enjoy the friendship of men of wealth. Every large Catholic organization, therefore, must have a substantial budget and must have wealthy men on its Board of Directors. To refuse to flatter wealth is to court disaster. Yet faith tells us that money is not important. St. Francis of Assisi despised wealth. Whom shall we take for our model, Francis or the Board of Directors of the local Community Chest?"

He will have no identification or even assimilation of philanthropy with Christian charity. He alleges in support of his view St. Paul's "If I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity it profiteth me nothing." He amplifies the Pauline declaration, explains it in the light of the doctrine of the Mystical Body, emphasizes the essential difference between the mere philanthropist and the Christian, and answers his own question as to whether we should imitate the saints or the Board of Directors:

Charity the Antithesis of Philanthropy

"It is utter madness for us to throw away our birthright and to imitate a philanthropy whose basis is a purely human knowledge of the poor, gained only from scientific observation, and whose methods are the mere expedients of a modern scientific social work. Our charity derives by a direct route from the highest imaginable source, from the very center of all reality. We cannot, must not, be satisfied until we have pressed as close to this source of all real charity as is possible for our supernaturalized human natures."

The reply of the yea-and-nay group will be as usual a resort to comfortable maxims: "The supernatural is the extension, not the contradiction of the natural," "faith transcends but does not transgress reason," "half a loaf is better than no bread," "we must coöperate with seculars, not oppose them." All very true, no doubt, but none the less these truisms are a smoke screen behind which is concealed the fact that "Christian charity" often takes on the bloodlessness and the heartlessness of organized secular philanthropy and in consequence becomes not an act of religion but a mere matter of civic expediency.

The Waterdowners

INSISTENCE upon the supernatural is of importance not merely in the field of charity. The present disastrous condition of the entire social world can be cured by religion and by no other means. The Holy Father has said so in *Quadragesimo Anno*, "If society is to be healed now, in no other way can it be healed save by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions." "Yes, Yes," we say, "Holy Father, we agree: we cannot but agree," but then we promptly turn to politicians, diplomats, economists—even to soldiers—as a means of reconstructing universal society. Just now in the United States, some of us are pro-Roosevelt, others pro-Landon and not a few pro-Lemke. As if it made any essential difference! Somehow we cannot shake off the ancient superstition that a change of government, a change of policy, a change of method will save us. "What you need is hydrotherapy," says one doctor. "What you need is electrotherapy," says

another. "Have your teeth taken out," says one. "Have you tonsils taken out," says another. But the patient, bewildered with conflicting advice, loaded down with nostrums and notions, worn out with cures and choked with medicines, weakens and dies. Similarly, "What you need is the New Deal," says one. "The New Deal is a Raw Deal," says another, "let's get back to the Good Old Deal." "What you need is neither the Old Deal nor the New Deal, but a Revolution," says the more radical malcontents. So too in Europe. "Follow me," says Stalin. "Not him but me," says Mussolini. "Neither of them but me," says Hitler. Medicine men! All of them. Mountebanks! As a cure for the ills that afflict the world we might as well carry a horse-chestnut in the pocket, kiss a rabbit's foot or rub a hunchback's spine. What we really need is a John the Baptist to run up and down through the nations crying out "The ax is laid to the root of the tree. Repent or perish." Or a St. Augustine with his prophet's cry "O ye children of men, why will ye still still tread these steep and stony paths? What seek ye? Seek what ye seek, but it is not where ye seek it!"

Delusive Panaceas

Men killed the prophets. Why? For one reason because the prophets wouldn't subscribe to the superstitions of the moment. Christ's own people crucified Him because He wouldn't join the revolt from Rome. The Pharisees said, "If only we can rid the land of these pagans we can live again as in the good old days of King Solomon. Every man will sit under his own vine and fig-tree. The land will be at peace and flow with milk and honey. The obstacle is the Roman. Rise and throw him out. To arms! Let us remove the abomination of desolation from the Holy Place. If only the Messias would come and lead us!" But when the Messias came they threw Him, not the Romans, out. For Jesus didn't seem to care whether the Romans remained or went away. He had no violent antipathy against Pontius Pilate. He manifested no conviction that the reign of Herod was any worse than that of Solomon. The pretorium would be destroyed when the time came, but so would the Temple. Pilate and Herod and Tiberius would pass, but so would Annas and Caiphas. It mattered not much whether Jew or Gentile ruled in the land. Only one thing mattered, purity of heart. Without that all would come tumbling down, the city would fall to pieces, not a stone would remain upon a stone.

One Thing Necessary

They hadn't heard of economics in those days. All they knew was politics. Politics and war. To-day we haven't progressed much beyond them. True, we have discovered a third member in the earthly trinity; now we have politics, war and economics. But our economics is generally politics. So perhaps we have not progressed at all.

IF a modern statesman ventured, no matter how apologetically, to recommend religion as a panacea, men would ask "Have the troubles of the times touched him in the head? Has he become balmy? Is there a visionary in the counsels of the nation? A mystic? Let's get rid of him before he does harm." But if a statesman advocates pacts, treaties, concordats, alliances,

leagues, in spite of the fact that all these obsolete devices have been demonstrated futile, men call him "savior." If, on the other hand, in defiance of pacts, treaties, concordats and all other expressions of international law, he trusts in the sword and "gets away with it," men bow to him, seek alliance with him and predict for him immortal renown.

All this, of course, is to be expected. But scandal and shame are in the fact that the children of light are no wiser than the children of this generation. We prate of faith and profess the supernatural, but in the show-down we resort to the wisdom of the world, politics, diplomacy, war. See how certain Catholics will follow a political leader devotedly, fanatically, even though the leader is at no pains to follow Christ. Have we not had in France, for example, the incredible phenomenon of a Catholic party led by two men, one an atheist and the other an immoralist? What attention do the royalists and the aristocrats of *L'Action Française* pay to the pope when he proscribes their activities as inconsistent with religion? Also, in other countries alleged to be ninety or one hundred per cent Catholic, were they at any pains to inquire of Christ's vicegerent on earth whether such and such an economic or political program or such and such a war was in accordance with Catholic ethics?

BUT to return to Dr. Furfey, with apologies for having wandered away. One reason that I exult in his book is that he has the rare courage to apply abstract principles to concrete cases. To me it has always seemed an act of moral cowardice to indulge in golden generalities without ever coming down to brass tacks.

No Charlatanry, No Cowardice

When our author comes—as he does—to the question of the totalitarian state in relation to Catholic philosophy, he might have taken cover behind a barrage of polysyllables. For example thus: "The totalitarian political philosophy can with difficulty be reconciled with the Bellarmino-Suarezian theory of the legitimate function of the State, or with certain postulates of the papal encyclicals." You may find gibberish like that in some polite Catholic journals. But Dr. Furfey, being neither a charlatan nor a coward speaks of "the utter incompatibility between the teaching of Christ and the Church on the one hand and the teaching of the totalitarians on the other." Nor does he, when condemning the totalitarian state, differentiate between Communism our recognized enemy and Fascism our false friend. "A Catholic," he says, "cannot very well be a Communist or a Fascist in the strict sense." And he goes on to explain: "The Fascisto-Communistic totalitarian state claims to be above the moral law. It ruthlessly disregards the rights of the Church, the rights of the family, the rights of the individual, heedlessly trampling down those sacred human rights which are inalienable. Its adherents cry with the chief priest: 'We have no king but Cæsar.' It is a gigantic hoax which can be foisted only on an age which has forgotten the concept of the Kingdom of God."

This linking of Fascism and Communism will bring down an avalanche of protest from certain Catholics. *Crede Roberto experto.* Dr.

Furfey will discover, if he does not know already, that for some of our *confrères* in religion nationalism dominates Catholicism. He will probably also hear from certain empurpled and bedecorated prelates who will cry holy horror at the sacrilege of mentioning Fascism in the same breath with Communism. He will be accused of being pro-Communist. Fascists here and abroad have persuaded themselves that unless a man wears a black shirt he must be a "red." Fortunately, however, *Fire on the Earth* has the *Imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Baltimore, an exponent as well as a champion of intellectual honesty and moral courage. Under the ægis of the episcopal sanction, Dr. Furfey will perhaps be spared the more violent and vicious attacks that are made upon an unprotected Catholic writer.

Totalitarianism Not Catholic

SINCE the subject of the totalitarian state has come up, it cannot well be dropped without our recalling to the reader the words of a higher authority than the author of the book in hand, higher also than the one who wrote *Imprimatur* on the book. Pope Pius XI. said in an allocution to the Cardinals in December, 1926, "We see a conception of the state [Fascism] making headway which is not a Catholic conception because it makes the state an end unto itself and citizens mere means to that end, absorbing and monopolizing everything." Totalitarianism, therefore, is not Catholic wherever it be found and by whatever name it be called, whether it patronize or antagonize Catholicism. Speaking my own mind, I should say that totalitarianism in alliance with Catholicism is more dangerous than in opposition to Catholicism. After the lapse of another generation or a century, I think it will be evident that we shall have suffered more from the friendship of Fascism than from the enmity of Communism. Be that as it may, one thing is certain: the reconciliation of Fascism as a philosophy, or as a political system with Catholicism is out of the question. It would require an adept in logical legerdemain to reconcile Alfredo Rocco's official exposition of Fascism with Leo XIII.'s Encyclical on the *Christian Constitution of States* or with the doctrine of St. Robert Bellarmine on inalienable human rights.

The Implications of a Concordat

I REGRET being obliged so often to interrupt the consideration of Dr. Furfey's thought, but time must be taken at this point to explain that the Concordat between the Holy See and the Fascist State is no approbation of Fascism. A concordat is a diplomatic document providing a *modus vivendi* and no more. Pope Pius VII. made a concordat with Napoleon in 1801, but obviously he did not by that fact approve the method by which Napoleon achieved his throne. With the concordat remaining in effect the megalomaniac emperor kidnaped and imprisoned Pius VII. Surely, the concordat was no condonation of that sacrilege, still less of all the subsequent sins and crimes of Napoleon. To repeat: a concordat is merely a compact made for the purpose of obtaining freedom of Catholic worship. It sponsors no philosophy. It lends no papal sanction to any form of political government. It

commits the pope to nothing beyond faithfulness to his word.

As far as I can see from my admittedly sporadic and amateurish reading of the history of the Church, we have seldom permanently profited by concordats. We have not been able to hold our own against diplomats. A pope is at a disadvantage with professional politicians. As a class they have no scruples of conscience. They follow no immutable ethical code. They play fast and loose with moral principle. In fact not moral principle but expediency dictates the course of their conduct. "What part hath God with Belial?" Yes and what part hath Christ with Machiavelli? The Machiavellian can always outmaneuver the Christian. Once upon a time I was challenged to controversy by a very adroit antagonist, and was about to pick up the gantlet, but my best friend said, "Don't do it. That fellow can fight harder and longer than you, and—what is more to the point—with such unscrupulousness as you could not and would not employ." I don't suppose the popes need a counselor to cry "Don't!" as, pen in hand, they are about to sign a concordat. Still, there are rumors—perhaps only gossipy rumors—that the present Holy Father regretted the concordat with Hitler the moment after he had made it. The sequel proved that his intuition was correct. Hitler had no intention of playing fair.

So often, in fact, has the Holy See been tricked by a slippery negotiator that it must take preternatural patience and supernatural optimism to prevent the Holy Father's complete abandonment of the diplomatic game. Often the time has come when after long effort to be conciliatory, the pope has been compelled to utter his *non possumus*, a final and absolute "No!" And as I look at history, the popes have never been stronger or more true to their divine charge than when they have said, "All diplomatic negotiations are off."

Clerics No Match for Diplomats

Catholic orators and writers of a certain school love to maintain, as if it were to the glory of the Church, that some of the popes, Leo XIII. for example, were past masters of the art of diplomacy. Perhaps. But over a period of nineteen centuries we have in general fared ill in the diplomatic game. A great statesman who indulged somewhat in what his flatterers euphemistically referred to as "golf," was asked on the links, "How's your game?" "*This* is not my game," said he. So, diplomacy is not really the pope's game. St. Peter didn't know the rudiments of it. All he understood was "We must obey God rather than men."

NOW I dare not say that I have got this line of thought from Dr. Furfey. He will have trouble enough defending his own opinions without the added disadvantage of fighting for mine. But I do think he will agree that these observations about ecclesiastical diplomacy are not inharmonious with his thought. At any rate, this brings us back to him again.

Dr. Furfey is, as we have seen, an opponent of totalitarianism. But in another sense he is totalitarian—totalitarian Catholic, that is to say a catholic Catholic. He thinks that we do not, all of us, at all times preach the full content of our faith, still less practice it. "Suppose," says this forthright apostle of the

whole truth, "suppose we were not afraid of being called unpatriotic and therefore dared to preach the Church's full doctrine on war. Suppose we were not too much afraid of social ostracism to preach the Church's real doctrine on the Negro. Suppose that we were not too much afraid of being called *red* to preach the full economic doctrine of the *Quadragesimo Anno*. . . . Suppose we were willing to use such extreme methods [of defending the Faith] as picketing, heckling speakers, distributing literature to our enemies in the streets. Suppose we dared use hard methods and preach hard doctrines. We would not receive favorable notice in the daily papers. We would not earn the welcome thrill of self-satisfaction which easy propaganda brings. We would, on the contrary, have to bear criticism and humiliation; but we would be taking the only method which can be successful in the long run."

Integral Catholicism

To the conservative Catholic—and almost all Catholics are conservative—these suppositions will seem the wild words of an extremist. In fact, Dr. Furfey has been called an extremist even by a few of his best friends. Some of his fellows in the fight for social justice consider him over-zealous. He knows it. He endures his reputation quietly and, I believe, gladly. I have not heard him say so, but I think he must have a special devotion to the saint for whom he was named. St. Paul was told, "You are beside yourself," and there are significant hints here and there in the Epistles and the Acts that not only the logic-chopping academicians on Mars Hill thought the great apostle a madman but that his own companions thought he "went too far." He preached in season and out of season, indoors and out of doors, in synagogues, in prisons, in palaces. His hands were often manacled but never his tongue. I am sure that the great apostle would call us derisively "sacristy priests." He would be furious at our timidity. I can hear him saying: "Come out from behind those thick stone walls, and speak to the people where they are." I shall never forget the shock of pain and disappointment I felt when, in Rome in 1914, at the Church of St. Philip Neri on a Sunday afternoon, I saw hundreds of men, women and children on the steps, in the streets and all about the plaza, while inside the priests of the Oratory were chanting vespers to themselves and to a congregation of less than a dozen. St. Philip would have devised some attraction to lure those hundreds into the church or he would have gone out into the streets after them. He was an extremist. St. Paul was an extremist. Jesus Christ was an extremist. Those who imagine that the apostles were moderate and conciliatory must have read the Gospels in a trance or in some kind of pious stupor. Indeed I will go so far as to say that any Catholic, by the very definition of the word, must be an extremist. Catholic means universal; universal means whole and entire. And the man who preaches or practices the Gospel whole and entire is the sort of person whom time-servers, trimmers, compromisers, adulterators of religion call an "extremist."

Some Holy Extremists

ONCE again let's come to cases—Dr. Furfey's cases. He says we don't preach the whole Catholic

truth about war. One man has done it lately, Father Franziskus Stratmann, the German Dominican. For doing so he was exiled from his native land. Also he has been called a "pacifist" by Rev. Father Gigon, Ph.D. But Father Gigon hasn't explained how in modern times any war can be a just war in accordance with the requirements laid down by St. Thomas and a long series of Scholastic theologians. In my judgment, Father Gigon or any one else will bite off more than he can chew if he attempts to prove that Christ was not what we call today a pacifist.

Catholicism and the Negro

AGAIN Dr. Furfey alleges, by inference, that we do not preach the "Church's real doctrine on the Negro." Whereupon some innocent folk and others not so innocent will exclaim "Don't we?" The answer is, of course, that we don't. At least not always and in all places. By way of anticipation of the retort: "Furfey and his defender are northerners, they don't know what they are talking about," I present a simple test. If the objector is a priest in the deep south let him mount his pulpit next Sunday and speak this little piece: "The Catholic Church has placed no canonical obstacle to miscegenation. If black and white wish to marry, the Church will marry them before the altar. She will, without question, and without reluctance, baptize their offspring. She will ordain the child of a black father and a white mother. She will, if he merits it, consecrate him bishop. So you see, my dear brethren, the Catholic Church does not share our southern prejudices." Try that experiment on your congregation, dear reverend critic. Or, if you are not in Holy Orders, write that statement for the newspapers, or speak it out at a banquet or in a lecture hall. Don't take the time and the trouble to upbraid or to castigate the writer of this paragraph. He has grown accustomed to opprobrium. And don't cancel your subscription. That wouldn't prove anything. At least it wouldn't prove what you want it to prove. And don't accuse me of favoring miscegenation. Don't ask me if I would like to have my sister marry a "nigger." The answer is that I wouldn't. But that isn't the question. The point is that there is nothing in canon law or in moral theology to prevent it. The Church has married millions upon millions of blacks to whites. Consider that fact, Mr. Critic, or Reverend Father Critic, before you accuse this writer or the writer of *Fire on the Earth* of not knowing what he is talking about when he says that we don't preach the whole Catholic truth about the Negro question. If you must write, when you write give the number of the Canon in the Law of the Church or refer me to the treatise and the page in some standard work of Moral Theology which convicts me of error.

Miscegenation is the extreme example of a matter upon which some of us maintain a discreet silence and others of us fly into a rage when the rights of the black man are under discussion. Many other less offensive instances might be cited in evidence that Catholics in this country have condescended to a non-Catholic un-Christian policy of discrimination against the Negro in matters political, social and even religious.

DR. FURFEY tells the truth. We don't preach and we don't practice the full Catholic doctrine on the Negro. Nor do we speak frankly and fully about a hundred other matters. For example, we obscure the reason the Catholic Church has lost the loyalty of so large a percentage of the poor people in so-called Catholic countries, and why in consequence revolutionists in those countries are so prompt to burn churches, convents, monasteries, and to murder priests and nuns. "Diabolism!" is the usual answer, and I believe that diabolism is partly the explanation. But it is not the whole explanation. We know the whole answer but we don't preach it from the housetops. We don't even preach it inside the church. It seldom if ever appears in the Catholic papers. We are afraid of scandalizing simple folk and of giving comfort to the enemy. We forget that the old adage "Open confession is good for the soul" applies to an organization as to an individual. "Spit the poison out," says the gentle author of the *Imitation of Christ*. We keep the poison in and then we wonder why the body ecclesiastical is sick. In a precious little *Guide for Priests* written long ago by Father Valuy, S.J., occurs this significant paragraph:

Why We Lost the Poor Man

"A Bishop, preaching a Retreat to the Clergy, in accents of grief addressed these words to his audience: 'The light of faith, you say, is growing dimmer day by day; and yet, *You are the light of the world.* Corruption again, you say, is spreading amongst all, of every age, and of every condition; and yet, *You are the salt of the earth.* Has the light then been put out? Has the salt lost its savor and its power? Is not the word of God still upon your lips? Is not the Blood of Jesus Christ still in your hands? Forty thousand priests in France, and Christianity languishing in France! This is indeed a mystery!!!'"

But is it altogether a mystery? Only the other day the Associated Press reported Bishop Gallagher, then in Rome, as saying, "If the priesthood all over the world forty years ago [it is twice forty years since Father Valuy's day] had begun to preach the principles of greater justice and opportunity for the common man, it might not now be subjected to such odium as it suffers in Spain. Unfortunately the majority of them [the priests] in places where these principles are most needed to be preached were subject to the control of monarchies. Autocratic governments controlled both their property and their salaries. They could not raise their voices for the common man without inviting their own destruction."

"Their destruction"! Yes, but had they forgotten the Gospel paradox "He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall find it"? If autocrats and monarchs destroy us, the poor will love us. If autocrats and monarchs protect us, the poor will destroy us.

WHY indeed have we in certain countries lost the masses of the people? Perhaps the chief reason is that we have not made it clear that to-day, as in primitive times, the Church has a love and predilection for the poor. Not many wise, says St. Paul, not many mighty, not many noble, but the foolish and the weak and the

base and the contemptible and the things that are not, hath God chosen. To say it in one word, our primary obligation is to the proletariat. Ugly word? Not at all! The Pope uses it again and again in his epoch-making Encyclical on the social question. And it is not half so ugly as the word St. Paul uses *"Peripsema."* The rich, says the Pope, can shift for themselves. They have numerous ways of guarding their own interests. But the poor have only the Church.

Now if we have lost the proletariat, if they turn against us at the first opportunity, something is wrong, perhaps with them, but surely with us. Something is wrong, also, tragically wrong, with the Capitalistic system. If we hesitate to say so for fear of losing millionaire support, if we kotow to the rich, defend their injustices, seek their companionship while avoiding that of the poor, we are renegades from our calling. The poor see that fact if we do not. Their instinct in the matter is in the long run infallible. "I know mine and mine know Me," said the Poorest of poor men. And He declared that to the poor God reveals what is hidden from the "wise and the prudent." One explanation usually alleged for our not favoring the poor, is that we dread to "stir up class against class." But to align ourselves frankly with the poor is not to do injustice to the rich. If a rich man is irritated when we fight for the poor man, that is the rich man's mistake. Yet our fear of stirring up a class war is almost pathological. Jesus Christ had no such phobia. He said "Blessed are ye poor," and He didn't hesitate to add "Woe to ye rich." Take it or leave it; like it or lump it, such is the original, primitive authentic Gospel. If we insert weasel words to suck out the marrow of those terrific texts, if we are too mealy-mouthed to say what Christ said just as He said it, without adding a flock of "ifs" and "ans" and "however," the poor, whose intellectual capacity may be mediocre, but whose instinctive recognition of friend and foe is all the sharper on that account, "get wise" to us. And when in a riot or a revolution their inhibitions are released, they set fire to our ecclesiastical palaces, pillage our accumulated treasures, shoot us down and fling us into the blazing ruins. Those palaces, by the way, would never have been built, those stores of gold and silver and precious stones never accumulated, if we had continued to emulate the Poor Man of Galilee or His *alter ego*, the Poverello of Assisi.

Our Primary Vocation

Death to Priests and Nuns? Why?

The proletariat in Umbria in the thirteenth century would not have murdered St. Francis. They knew what side *he* was on. If to-day the "underprivileged" (heavens! what a wishy-washy word) don't know what side *we* are on, perhaps there is a reason apart from Diabolism and Bolshevistic propaganda. Let us not damn the poor man as a dangerous imbecile actuated by the devil. The poor man knows who's who.

The Intuition of the Proletariat

RECENTLY in New York a movement was started — strictly proletarian — The Catholic Worker, to bring the Church into the

slums and to retrieve for Christ souls that might otherwise be lost to Communism. One would imagine that churchmen would say spontaneously "Now that is the sort of thing!" But some of them can see in the movement and its leaders no merit at all but only faults: "they are indiscreet; they are communists in disguise, traitors. They are anticlerical." Yes, but if they are, so was Savonarola. And St. Bernard. And St. Catherine of Siena. And St. Alphonsus. And every saint. If one will be critical one can condemn all the saints. St. Francis of Assisi got his dose of criticism. Conservative folk found fault with his peculiar antics, as Michol the daughter of Saul turned up her nose at David when he danced before the Ark. When Francis cavorted in the streets and through the fields pouring out his soul like the lark in "profuse strains of unpremeditated art," some captious listeners, I dare say, remarked, "All very poetical but likewise injudicious," just as to-day comfortable spectators of a brave difficult experiment in practical sociology say, "Heroic indeed but is it safe and sound?" Safe? The only unsafe course of conduct for the Church is to remain aloof from the victims of our merciless civilization. The only unsafe thing is to seek protection under the ægis of the rich and the powerful. Remember the French Revolution. Remember the Commune of 1848. And the Commune of 1870. Nearer at hand, recall Russia in 1917. And for the very latest up-to-the-moment example of what happens when the proletariat suspects us of alliance with kings, autocrats, plutocrats, witness Spain.

I COMMENCED with the confident asseveration that *Fire on the Earth* is a good book, worthy of its title, worthy of its noble theme. It is above all a stimulating book. Perhaps readers of these pages will say it stimulated me too much. Perhaps Dr. Furfey will say it stimulated me in a way he never intended. If so, others may avoid my mistakes. But whether you agree or disagree with Dr. Furfey or with this unauthorized commentator read *Fire on the Earth*.

"From quiet homes and first beginnings,
Out to the undiscovered ends. . . ."

GOD gave us little homes:
Gardens to frame the larkspur and the rose;
The morning innocence of daisied fields;
Firelight and lullabies at evening's close;
Sunrise and stars to paint our nursery walls;
Companionship and laughter through the day;
In death the whispered faith of those who kneel
At small shrines to pray.

God gave a little home:
Hearthstone and roof-tree to the Son He sent.
Was Christ's heart also wistful to remain
At Nazareth in passionless content?
Did He not also love the things we love:
To see Spring's motley dance the garden path;
Or when the strong wind smote the sheltering walls
To hear His Mother singing by the hearth?

Yet—He turned His face to the mountains
And set His shrinking feet
On the long hard road to Golgotha
From the narrow village street.
And Mary and John and Magdalen,
These—and these only—stayed
When, in the gathering darkness,
He cried—and was afraid.

And now, as then, the Chosen,
With Joan of the Lifted Sword,
Follow the brave and lonely Star,
Ride forth to proclaim the Word.
"In the Name of Beauty and Faith and Truth,
In the Name of the Trinity,
Martyr or Lover; Artist or Friend,
Leave all: and follow Me."

They ride. . . . The Star has faded
And futile the endless quest:
Empty night on the empty hills;
For the homeless head, no rest.
Oh, then there gropes no human hand
In comfort—only this:
Peace to silence the heart's last cry;
On the soul, Christ's healing kiss.

CLARE NICHOLL.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF AGRARIANISM

By Joseph H. Fichter, S.J.

THE modern world is once more experiencing the recurring demand of the agriculturist for harmonious participation in the national life. A decade ago Mussolini started Italians on the landward trek. The Strong Man of Germany sees the current feeling of *Landhunger* as one of the saving forces of his country. Spain is even now in the throes of a revolution that should result in a redistribution of the great landed estates. Soviet Russia too is relenting its agrarian collectivism and has decided to allow the peasant a right that is really God-allowed, *i. e.*, the right to own and to work his own patch of land. In England the problem is being discussed under the distributist principles initiated by Hilaire Belloc and the late G. K. Chesterton and solved by active Catholic land associations. In America Southern Agrarianism, as proposed by Davidson, Tate, Ransom and their fellows, seeks to formulate and forward the issue.

Reviewing the history of the farmer-townsman feud will tend only to accentuate the ever-present necessity of man to live close to the soil. On this necessity rest the principles of agrarianism, and, speaking broadly, on it rests also the universal right of private property. Man is not so much an animal that he must roam the fields and woods in communion with brute beasts, nor is he so much the social being that he must ever live in cooped-up contact with his fellow men. He is a physical and spiritual composite, "how like an angel" and still "the paragon of animals," who needs sustenance for his physical nature and deserves sustenance for his spiritual. In this division lies the slight difference which distinguishes the British from the American system of agrarianism. The English movement, inspired and led by Catholics, stresses the economic and religious advantages of the back-to-the-land movement, while the American plan, sponsored in the main by southern intellectuals emphasizes its cultural and anti-industrial aspect.

It is a peculiar proof of the existence of world problems and of international consciousness, that these two similar, but entirely distinct, movements should find an almost simultaneous inception at the peak of capitalism's reign. The British agitation got its formal start at Glasgow on April 26, 1929—six months before our national stock debacle—when the Scottish Catholic Land Association was formed. The following January a further step was made by the foundation of a quarterly magazine *Land for the People*. On this side of the water during the same year, 1930, America had the idea of agrarianism brought forcibly to its attention by the publication of the since widely discussed southern proclamation, *I'll Take My Stand* (in Dixieland, as no one could doubt). The European proposal looks mainly to the bettered condition of the worker, not at all in the philosophy of communism, but in the philosophy of the Catholic Church which insists

that the right of property is inalienable and divine. The southerners look to the revivifying of a sort of regional culture which implies and often openly asserts the same right of personal property.

Both systems, however, agree in that they show an aversion for industrialism, naming it the beginning of the present chaotic state of mind among wryly reasoning communists, and the chaotic state of pocketbook among rightly reasoning workers. They correctly judge, just as do all Christian thinkers even back to Christ Himself, that exploitation of the many for the enrichment of the few is and will be the germ of every revolution that ever came to life in this sorry world. Both show a supreme contempt for the usual concomitant of industrialism, the desire for unlimited acquiring, which that universal sneerer, Aldous Huxley, dubbed the "Bitch-Goddess Success." It is the eternal opposition between *l'intérêt foncier ou agricole* and *l'intérêt fiscal*.

"This conflict [of industrialism]," says Andrew Nelson Lytle, "is between the unnatural progeny of inventive genius and man. It is a war to the death between technology and the ordinary human functions of living. The rights to these functions are the natural rights of man, and they are threatened now, in the twentieth, not in the eighteenth, century for the first time" (*I'll Take My Stand*, p. 202). There is then, in this country as well as in Europe, a mutual non-rapprochement between the industrialist and the farmer. The industrialist when he turns farmer, as he frequently has done in such open places as Iowa and Nebraska, reforms his land into a potential, mechanized, factory. He conflicts with the elemental interests of individual and State by attempting to grow rich where others attempt to grow produce that is sufficient unto the day. He pretends to be in sympathy with Napoleon's axiom: "Agriculture is the soul, the foundation of the State," but carries it on in such fashion that it is no longer agriculture but industry.

Industrialism, whether in field or town, is a manner of multiplying with all rapidity, and with as few workers as possible, products which were ordinarily made or grown by the capable hands of human craftsmen and farmers. Agrarianism on the contrary, is a system content with keeping the necessities of life at a stable mean even if it is necessary to discard elaborate machinery and return to hoe and scythe, hammer and sickle. Agrarianism makes of the farmer something more than a mere laborer, it raises him above the present concept of a unit in the industrial army, and it puts in his heart a lesser appetite for those luxuries which industrialism considers the goods and riches of this life. And the sad part of the story, now evolving itself in our economic distress, shows that industrialism does not and never did realize that its own system is not the end and all in the lives of men. There must be a saturation point if it will not set a limit for itself. The doctrine that the world must be controlled either by industry or agriculture, and never by a combination of both, has been shattered.

In England there has ever been a strong traditional antagonism against industrialism. There too, as in the present American outcry, the objectors to the economic *status quo* were to be found among the country's intellectuals. Ruskin,

Burke, Carlyle and a host of sober thinkers criticized its tenets as well as its actual practice. In these latter years the politically dubbed "Distributists" under the capable leadership of Belloc and Chesterton, have been directly opposed to industrialism and exaggerated capitalism. After almost two decades of slow indoctrination of their many followers, they, particularly Belloc, are gratified by the rapid growth of the Distributist League. Their work has had fruition also in the Catholic Land Associations whose principles run hand-in-glove with those of the Distributists.

Two years ago last December, the Birmingham Branch of the Distributist League issued the preamble of its solution to the industrialist-farmer problem: "It is the purpose of this statement to advance a scheme which, while costing the community much less than the present unproductive relief, will restore to the unemployed their dignity and independence, give stability and wealth to the State, and if pursued to its logical end ultimately extinguish the present cost of relief." A year before this revised statement was issued, an actual beginning, which was distinct from the early propaganda, had been made by the Scottish Catholic Land Association. A farm was leased in Lanarkshire and a training center was set up where a young man could be instructed in the theory and practice of agriculture, where he could learn the fundamental principle which would diminish dependence on a "money crop," and as H. Robbins put it, learn "to sell his *surplus* not his *substance*."

The details to which the distributists have devolved their plan are worthy of close attention. They have even cast an eye to the important question of disposal of possible surplus (for the chance of over-production is always present to the farmer and its accompanying problem is most acute for those far removed from large cities): "(A) by encouraging systematically the principle that the first duty of the peasant is to feed himself and his family; only the surplus not actually required is sold; (B) by coöperative marketing of that surplus as far as practicable; (C) by establishing Holdings in the form of social and economic *communities*, which would include a portion of Village Craftsmen and Tradesmen. These latter would not only extend indefinitely the possibilities of settling the unemployed but would absorb much of the produce of the Holdings" (*Flee to the Fields*, p. 224).

This British agrarian policy has definite potentialities, and the practical manner in which it is being put into effect bodes well for its ultimate success. There is no doubting the fact that overcrowded industrial cities must be decentralized; they are incubators of disease, poverty and immorality unspeakable. The sooner the crowding is relieved the sooner will a sane, normal mode of life come to those enjoying the change; the sooner too will the communist bogey vanish. A list of the large industrial centers will give you a list of the communistic hotbeds. It cannot be otherwise in a rankly capitalistic society, for communism is the natural offspring of capitalistic industrialism. The two, opposite though they seem, follow the same selfish trend of thought, and each is dissatisfied with anything less than its proper extreme. If anyone has a solution for avoiding these extremes, more convincingly

workable than this back-to-the-land movement, he has not been energetic in forwarding it.

Of all the curative measures that have been offered during these difficult years of depression, agrarianism has probably the best basis of hope for permanent economic soundness. Its proponents have become increasingly numerous in the last four years, and its leaders have made the most of propaganda in stimulating interest and comment upon its feasibleness. That it could fail, given a workable chance and full government coöperation, does not even enter the minds of its champions. In an article in *The American Review* for March, 1935, Frank Owsley makes a plea for this federal coöperation. The government should "rehabilitate the unemployed by giving them small farms." He insists, as do all who have given thought to possible measures of national stabilization, that we must find a means of providing not only for those who are now the victims of technological unemployment, but also for those who are destined to become jobless through the rapid acceleration of industrial methods. "As agrarians we urge it as an opportunity to restore the healthy balance of population between city and country which will aid in the restoration of agrarianism and in the restoration and preservation of civilization."

The leaders of the movement, abroad as well as among the southerners, are agreed that a modified and moderate industrialism is inevitable, and that if greed and the urge for success could be held in check it may even be desirable. In neither country is it the intention that every man should become a sort of glorified Man with the Hoe. Nor is there to be a reversal to the landed aristocracy which prevailed in feudal England or the ante-bellum South. The Southerners seem to like the term "squirearchy" for their plan whereas the Englanders would have a satisfied peasantry. But both recognize that the day has past when everything from clothing to tools was made by the user on the farm. That was a day of pioneering and pioneering is never a normal way of life. A modified industrialism—call it the guild system and its members craftsmen if you will—is to be admitted into the landed *milieu*. Its products, which will be the necessities and occasional luxuries which cannot be grown or made at home, will undoubtedly find a better market in a county of arable soil, worked by individual small owners, than they could ever hope for in an equal acreage worked by tractors and reapers. This is not an argument in favor of industrialism, it is a concession to the inevitable.

Frank Owsley, one of the original band of twelve southern agrarians recently reiterated and synthesized the major propositions of the agrarian movement. In the article quoted above, he reduced them to what he called the five "Pillars of Agrarianism." In a preamble he makes this interesting utterance: "Our programme . . . ultimately involves national problems. We are on the side of those who know that the common enemy of the people, of their government, their liberty, and their property must be abated. This enemy is a system which allows a relatively few men to control most of the nation's wealth and to regiment virtually the whole population under their anonymous holding companies and corporations,

and to control government by bribery or intimidation. Just how these giant organizations should be brought under the control of law and ethics we are not agreed. We are however agreed with the English Distributists that the most desirable objective is to break them down into small units owned and controlled by real people. We want to see property restored and the proletariat thus abolished and communism made impossible. The more widespread is the ownership of property, the more happy and secure will be the people and the nation."

It is well to keep this idea of a moderate industrialism and widespread ownership of property well to the fore when thinking of the agrarian future. Of what earthly good will the cure be if men again become ambitious, and, looking about them at the small farms of their neighbors, begin dreaming expansionist dreams? Belloc and Monsignor Dey foresee this human inclination. Wade and Ransom admit that, to some degree, it has crept into the deep South during the last quarter century. All reiterate the thought of the Master, "What does it profit a man?" In the agrarian manifesto Ransom wrote: "There are a good many faults to be found with the old South but hardly the fault of being intemperately addicted to work and to gross material prosperity. The South never conceded that the whole duty of man was to increase material production, or that the index to the degree of his culture was the volume of his material production. His business seemed to be rather to envelop both his work and his play with a leisure which permitted the activity of intelligence" (*I'll Take My Stand*, p. 12).

A practice founded on Christ's noble precept would logically argue to a state of thought as nobly religious. On the contrary one detects an irreligious note in some of the writings on agrarianism in this country. Being intellectuals, themselves gentlemen of the southern culture they expound, they overtly subscribe, strangely enough, to the philosophy of both Oswald Spengler and John Dewey. But in place of a world-wide aspect of social improvement, their view is restricted to admitted provincialism. The disappearance of the amenities of life under an industrial régime seems a large cause of their dissatisfaction. These amenities, "such practices as manners, conversation, hospitality, sympathy, family life, romantic love" are their ideals. They insist that "religion" cannot flourish in a society where industrialists hold the whip hand. But their own definition of religion is: "our submission to the general intention of a nature that is fairly inscrutable; it is the sense of our rôle as creatures within it" (*I'll Take My Stand*, p. xiv). Whatever that definition may mean it does not mean religion to a vast majority of people.

Across the Atlantic the factor of religion is seen in its true meaning because there the prime movers of agrarianism or distributism are members in the eternal religion. In his book, *Now I See*, Arnold Lunn makes the statement that "peasant proprietorship is strong where Catholic tradition is strong and declines with the decline of Catholicism." He has made a point that is historically accurate. It would be unnecessary to relate how the history of Christianity shows that religion was always the companion of the rural community. This thought is a sat-

isfying one when we consider that our own definition and practice of religion is a traditionally wholesome one. There is no thought of "submission to an inscrutable nature" with the English agrarians. Religion there is the religion of Catholic forebears who always asserted the divine prerogative of every man to his personal property and to a just share in the world's resources. It is the religion that reared and kept the great monasteries in the English countryside during the centuries before Henry VIII., and that will merely be coming into her own if she succeeds in again bringing her children into the fields.

The indefinite qualities of "Southern Religion" and the aberrations explained under that name by Allen Tate could be discussed *ad infinitum* and still only some hazy notion of religion could be drawn from them. In fact Mr. Tate admits that he begins his essay in "a spirit of irreligion, and without apology to those who know better, for there seems to be none, as a class, who have that high qualification." Placed alongside the solid and errorless body of Catholic doctrine such a statement is absurd, and its variance with the traditional sense of religion makes it a novelty.

The limited scope of this paper prevents a full consideration of the religious ideals which motivate the agrarian leaders in both countries, so too must their educational policies be dismissed with a summary survey. The English way of preparing the future agriculturists is in a practical, down-to-the-sod training which looks to immediate economic independence for the small tract farmer. The southern way, however, is a nebulous cultural habit which will not be transplanted by the converted city dweller. It is an indigenous affair to be revived by the families still living on the soil and inherited by those coming in.

Agrarianism then, is undoubtedly *the* sober escape for the harassed American worker. Small farms in western Canada are actually practicing a form of agrarianism. When the country has come to its most desperate state—if that state has not already arrived—what should prevent the worker from turning to the soil? Consider the alternatives that a dying industrialism leaves in its wake: Socialism, Communism and Sovietism. None of these can satisfy the innate American demand for freedom. Andrew Nelson Lytle answers that to the workers, "if they have managed to remain independent, the answer lies in a return to a society where agriculture is practiced by most of the people. It is in fact impossible for any culture to be sound and healthy without a proper respect and proper regard for the soil, no matter how many urban dwellers think their victuals come from groceries and delicatessens and their milk from tin cans" (*I'll Take My Stand*, p. 203).

THE FORBIDDEN LANE

By Raphael Johnson

THE two riders, the man and the girl, halted their horses to read the sign. It marked the intersection where a lane curved from the smooth trail into a ravine of scrub oak and brush.

ARTILLERY RANGE. DANGER!
DO NOT ENTER!
BY ORDER COMMANDING OFFICER.

"Let's explore it. Captain Keller says they never fire on Sunday mornings." The girl slapped her gray mare and cantered into the lane.

Howland turned his bay horse to follow. To his civilian ear it sounded odd that the girl called her husband always, "*Captain* Keller." Did the title really mean so much to her?

The flying hoofs drummed the planks of an old bridge. Under it a glint of silver water shone through rank growths. Beyond that, woods closed in.

Now fallen branches strewed the path. There were grassless mounds and treacherous holes. The girl pulled up before a deep crater.

She was down first, standing at the mare's head, flushed and winsome. Howland threw both reins over his arm.

"You're not very truthful," he said.

"Why?"

"Saying you're just learning to ride."

"Sweet of you, Mr. Howland, but we Marines admit our limitations—sometimes. Captain Keller had never ridden; he says his worst ordeal at this army school is mounting the quarterdeck of an officer's charger."

She picked her steps to a fallen trunk and perched on it, boyishly.

"Do you always dash past warning signs?" Howland asked. "And are we quite safe here?"

"If you mean safe from the guardhouse, I don't know. I haven't met our army Commanding Officer. He may be an ogre."

"You hate the Service, don't you?"

"No. How did you know?"

"Your stories proved that."

"Why, it's a secret! I haven't used my name. Who told you about them?"

Howland hesitated.

"Mrs. Keller, I wouldn't have chosen a Sunday morning paperchase or an artillery range for this interview. You know me only as a member of the civilian polo team that came down from New York for your tournament. You don't know that I'm the editor of the magazine you've been writing for."

"But the letters were signed—"

"By *my* assistant. Don't worry. I won't expose you to your military friends."

So this was the remote literary arbiter who had given her three short stories to the world. An editor should be a professorial old boy with thick glasses, perhaps a beard. Howland was an outdoor man, informal, keen-eyed, almost young. A few years younger than her husband, she decided. Say thirty-five. Almost ten years older than herself.

She said, "I've been rather ashamed of those stories you published. That's partly why I used a pen name. A year ago I had a bitter experience."

No, she wouldn't tell that experience. Her little golden-haired boy had died in a great, soulless naval hospital. She had felt an unreasoning fury against the uniformed doctors and a black hatred of The Service, which had sent Captain Keller to six months' sea duty just after the child was stricken ill, knowingly sent him and left her to face the tragedy alone.

Afterward she had found solace in her religion; but there had remained another need, the merely human need for some anodyne to dull the pain that he was not there to share.

She found it finally in writing. Sorting papers in a trunk one day she found a yellowed notebook of convent-school attempts at fiction. Sitting on the trunk she wrote a story.

In it she portrayed the military life as one of petty routine, of gossip and jealousy, of empty formality and blind obedience to tradition.

Two weeks later the famous literary monthly wired its offer, asked for more. She cleansed her heart of its rancor in two more stories. The monthly accepted both.

She addressed Howland. "Perhaps you'll tell me why you refused my fourth story."

"You know, of course," he said. "Because it wasn't you. You forsook realism for formula."

She considered that. Which author had been her real self?

When Captain Keller returned she had put her writing away. He had received orders to attend an officers' school of the army. Settled in their quarters at the big southern fort her mood of revolt had passed. She wrote a new story introducing Service people who were chivalrous and kindly. This typescript she showed to her husband.

The story was returned.

Captain Keller brought the envelope from the post office. And said just the wrong thing.

"Well, the cat came back, Dorothy. You're not a natural highbrow any more than I am, and I'm glad of it."

She forswore authorship. Despite her resentment, she resolved to became a traditional helpmate.

But her talents as a housewife were not in demand. Captain Keller took his meals at the Club. It was conveniently close to lecture halls and demonstration fields. Or so he asserted.

"You'd be happiest if you could live in barracks like the enlisted men," she accused.

A laugh was his only denial.

The social life of the post with its shallow, impermanent friendships bored her. She thought of her lost career.

Then, when the great hundred-thousand-acre reservation was radiant with Dixie springtime, she discovered a new enthusiasm, horseback riding. It was glorious fun. And it left one too tired for discontent or ambition.

Here again Captain Keller failed to keep step.

"Even the Cavalry's being mechanized. Pretty soon the army will forget what a horse looked like. So I'm glad I don't care for riding."

True, he attended these paperchases and hunt rides, but only because they were in a sense "forma-

tions," almost as obligatory as his equitation classes in the tanbark bull ring.

Howland had been waiting for her to continue.

She rose. "Captain Keller and the others must have gotten back in."

He laughed shortly.

"Don't tell me that sums up all you've been thinking!"

"Do you believe in serious thought before breakfast?"

"Mrs. Keller, I've been waiting to tell you this: a genuine talent is something to cherish. You need stimulating contacts, the society of other artists. You *must* come to New York."

"Must?"

"Before this atmosphere chokes the healthy rebellion out of you. That last story raised the white flag."

"Perhaps I surrendered to truth."

"Rather to mass pressure. Don't misunderstand me; I like your husband and all his associates. Their hospitality is 'swell,' as they say. But they're a drag on you. They represent all that's most destructive to the creative artist. They're victims of that blighting thing we call militarism. They're incapable of giving you appreciation and sympathy. You portrayed them as the system makes them; juvenile, narrow, unidealistic—"

"But they have ideals. Honor. Courage."

"Battlefield courage, yes. The courage—pardon me—of stupidity."

A cannon booming far off interrupted.

Howland started. The horses pricked their ears.

"Reveille gun," she told him. "It goes late on Sunday."

"Let's go," he suggested. "I can't get over the feeling that one of their confounded shells is going to plump down on us."

They thudded across the bridge and regained the trail. Ahead the woods thinned. They saw horses tethered, with orderlies loitering near, and a crowd of people around long tables.

The trail joined another. Glancing down it she saw two familiar figures in campaign hats and uniforms of forest green.

"Wait!"

"Oh, it's your husband. Who's the other Marine officer?"

"Jimmy Costeen. Captain Keller and he are old chums."

Costeen, mounted, was holding his companion's horse, a sooty black with white-streaked eyes. The animal wheeled impishly at each attempt of his former rider to remount. The broad back of Captain Keller's uniform shirt was muddy.

"Help for a horse-marine," called Costeen.

Sandy-haired and freckled, Costeen was sputtering laughter. The black-browed Keller was blown.

"Good girl, Dorothy," he panted. "Give us a hand here. This outlaw has policed me twice and now he won't give me a third chance. Hello, Mr. Howland."

The civilian slowly edged in, crowding the black toward Costeen's mount. Keller swung his leg and was up.

Dorothy's gray mare broke away. She made for the clearing, ears flat and neck stretched, then pulled up sharp among the tethered horses. A Negro soldier caught the bridle. Dorothy's descent was an undignified sprawl.

The others galloped up, Keller's black leading.

"The Marines are landing," he shouted.

There was a smell of coffee and frying things. They found places at the nearest long table. Colored mess attendants brought hot cakes, sausages, bacon and eggs, and coffee in huge army cups.

"I can't eat," said Dorothy, and found herself munching greedily.

Costeen and Keller hailed fellow students, all army files—some with their wives. Introductions were made hilariously with waving of coffee cups.

At Costeen's elbow a tall blond youth was "Lieutenant Krughoffer." He supplied names which the Marines forgot.

A song started at another table, and bogged down.

"Keller!" voices shouted. "Where's Keller? Give us a song, leatherneck!"

"Ain't it hell to be talented!" he grinned. Then in a booming baritone that was not unmusical he sang:

"Four years together by the Bay,
Where Severn joins the tide,
Then by the Service called away,
We're scattered far and wide.
But still when two or three shall meet,
And old tales be retold,
From low to highest in the Fleet,
We'll pledge the Blue and Gold."

"Treason!" a voice shouted. "That's a navy song."

"Your husband was a midshipman?" Howland queried.

Dorothy nodded.

"I didn't know Annapolis turned out Marines too."

"Only occasionally," Lieutenant Krughoffer volunteered. "Mostly they're created by a special act of Providence to keep the army and navy in order. Haven't you heard, 'If the Army and the Navy ever gaze on Heaven's scenes, they will find the streets are guarded by United States Marines'? That's what they are, sir, a sort of heavenly military police—"

Keller elbowed the lieutenant expertly in the midriff to cut short his explanation.

The Infantry, strong in numbers, chorused:

"The Infantry, the Infantry, with the dirt behind their ears!
The Cavalry, Artillery and the highbrow Engineers—
Well, they couldn't lick the Infantry in a hundred thousand years!"

Howland smiled down at Dorothy. "Juvenile!" he whispered.

The Artillery unlimbered with their anthem:

"Over hill, over dale, we will hit the dusty trail
As the caissons go rolling along—"

Riding in they met glistening red barracks and a sweep of close-cropped green parade with the flag rippling out on a towering mast.

The modest brick chapel stood back from the road.

"You're not a Catholic by any chance?" Dorothy asked Howland.

He shook his head in obvious surprise.

"Then here's where we leave you. I'll think of what you said."

Orderlies took the horses of those who dismounted.

"Say some prayers for us," a passer-by called back.

"G'wan, you heathens," Keller retorted. Dorothy took his arm as

they filed in between rows of spruce soldiers.

Chaplain O'Neill, gray and ruddy, strode up the aisle. When he genuflected before entering the sacristy, his leather and brass winked in the candlelight. He emerged shortly clad in his priestly vestments. An artillery private with extremely red hands preceded him in the capacity of altar boy.

Dorothy found a prayer book in the rack before her. Probably her prayer should be for guidance. Howland's words had made the issue starkly clear. Her husband would remain always the only man in her life, but did duty demand that she subordinate her life to his? Would she be justified in leaving him, temporarily say, for the sake of her career?

Perhaps a compromise was possible. Yes, she had it, a plan absurdly simple yet requiring some diplomacy. Her husband would agree. He had never refused her anything she really wanted.

Father O'Neill read the Gospel. He made brief announcements. Next Sunday would be the special Communion Sunday. There would be a card party for charity on Friday evening.

Through the remainder of the Mass, Dorothy prayed without further distraction. Afterward when they walked out the air seemed wonderfully clean and sweet.

"I'll stroll down to Headquarters and see if they've put orders in the boxes," Keller said.

"I'll walk on up home," she replied.

Costeen went with Keller.

"Orders," she knew, would be notices of future assignments sent by Washington. The end of the school year impended.

Therein lay the solution of her problem. It might require a bit of wirepulling — which Keller detested—but she was certain he could land an assignment in New York.

Converting him to the idea might not prove so easy. Born in the Service, Keller had the itching foot and the preference for the western edge of the map that goes with such descent.

For herself, since girlhood days on a Nebraska farm she had been drawn east by the lights of great cities. First Omaha, where she had gone to school; then Chicago, where she had taught and had met Keller as a lieutenant at the Great Lakes station; now New York.

She foresaw one chance of defeat: the possibility that his orders might have been issued already. That was unlikely.

At the brick bungalow which was their quarters, she bathed and dressed hurriedly, choosing a costume he admired, light blue with white cuffs and a broad white collar. From her garden-bed she plucked a tuft of sweet peas and buried her face in them a moment before pinning them at her bosom.

The dog ran to meet Keller on the sidewalk. Costeen was still with him. Couldn't Jimmy ever stay home?

The two men marched up the walk, each with an arm about the other's shoulders. They were chanting a doggerel song. "Juvenile"; yes, that was the word.

She shook a gay finger at them.

"Now I know why you're late," she chided. "You two stopped at the bachelor quarters."

"So we did, darling," admitted Keller, "and had two snorts to celebrate; or was it three?"

Inside they resumed their chant:

"There'll be great elation
On the far-off China station
When the Kellers go sailing away!"

She gasped, "China! You haven't got orders—?"

"Sure. And Jimmy here comes too. Isn't it great?"

"I won't go!" she cried. "I won't go!"

Afterward she could not remember all she had said. Costeen had excused himself. Keller had retired behind the colored comic sheets of the paper.

She went into her room seeking the relief of tears. They failed to come, although she looked for them in her mirror. Instead, her reflection smiled at the thought of Keller's scowling gaze bent on those absurd cartoons.

What a boy he was still! In a minute now he would come in and diffidently seek a reconciliation.

Then she heard the startling slam of the front door. Queerly frightened she listened to his sharp footfalls on the walk.

How tactless she had been! No chance now that he would seek revocation of the foreign service orders. She had heard decision in the rap of those military heels on the concrete.

She lay down and awoke, unrested, with the echo of the sunset gun in her ears. It was almost dark. She walked down the long hill to the Club building where the officers' mess was located.

The dining room was not yet open. Nor was Captain Keller among the other early arrivals who sat like passengers in a terminal about the clubroom. Dorothy sought solitude on the porch, drawing a rocker into the blue shadows beyond the last open window.

Even the cool darkness failed to soothe her eyes. When she closed them the lids were hot red screens. Healing tears would not come.

She heard a chair scrape as a newcomer took a seat just inside the nearby window. Then a measured voice resumed an interrupted conversation.

"No, son, Mother Church never compromises with divorce. True, there are cases in which she permits a separation — but only for *grave* reasons."

Dorothy could not hear the reply of the Chaplain's unseen companion.

There was a general stir within and the shuffling of feet, evidence that the dining room was open.

Captain Keller was at their usual table when she entered the mess. Four generally sat there; the Kellers, Krughoffer and another bachelor. The past three days an extra place had been set for Howland.

Keller gave Dorothy only a casual, impersonal smile. Krughoffer and Howland sat down. The other bachelor—she could never recall his name—joined them. Conversation ran about the table.

"I beg your pardon?" Dorothy said, realizing that some one at the table had addressed her.

Howland repeated his words. "I was saying, Mrs. Keller, that you're looking fagged. Better pass up your ride to-morrow and come to our polo game. We're going to cross mallets with the army in the first of the series. You're coming, aren't you, Captain?"

Dorothy hesitated.

Keller replied, "Well, sir, I don't know if I can make it. Mrs. Keller will enjoy it no doubt."

After the meal Keller made an excuse of a study conference. Dorothy lay long awake but she did not

hear him come in. In the morning she wakened to find that he was already gone.

He had left her the car. In the afternoon she drove to the polo field and parked in the long rank that fronted the greensward.

The match was on. Dorothy knew little of the sport, but enough to note an interesting contrast in the play of the two quartets.

The civilians' game was one of finesse and teamplay. Their ponies, she had been told, were specially bred stock which they had brought with them, whereas the Service mounts for the most part were from blood mingled more for endurance than for speed. The contrast of type extended to the riders as well as to their brute partners.

The score should have been one-sided. Somehow, it wasn't. There was fire in the play of the army four. If their mounts were a shade slower and less cunning in following the white ball, they were equal to their masters in the quality of recklessness.

Time and again the visitors' formations scattered before headlong army rushes. The army suffered more penalties and made fewer goals, but Dorothy saw that the match must be fairly close, even disregarding handicaps.

The score, indeed, mattered little to her. She thrilled only to the plastic values of the scene; the attitudes of horses stretched in flight or posturing like dancers; the bending grace of riders; the fierce *mêlées* when clots of turf were flung and the picture was a wrangle of capering ponies, of bobbing white shirts and helmets, of mallets looping wildly in the sunlight.

From these shock encounters she noticed that Howland drew apart. Yet when the ball would finally bound free it was uncanny how often he was uncovered, ready to bear it off.

The army seemed to find itself. More and more the play boiled around the visiting goal line. There were no more episodes of Howland dribbling the ball before him while his fleet pony easily outdistanced a pursuing army back. Repeatedly cheers went up for army goals while spectators in the cars honked applause.

The teams trotted off the field at what she supposed was the end of the final chucker. Yet no one prepared to go. Dorothy left the car.

"Oh, don't you know?" a boy at the sideboards answered her. "It's a tie. Wow! Wasn't that a comeback!"

A girl in slacks ran up with news: "They're going to play an extra period. The visitors' ponies are dead beat but the army is going to lend them mounts."

When Howland came back on the field Dorothy saw that he was riding the sooty black which had been Keller's mount the morning of the paper-chase.

Keller had called the black an outlaw; Howland dominated him with ease. Once, indeed, when the animal stumbled on a sudden turn his rider was flung to the turf. Howland landed like a cat and in an instant was up again and away in full career. "That was horsemanship!" she heard a spectator declare.

Out from one of the mass scrimmages the ball rolled into sight. Once more Howland bore it away. The black horse fairly flew, widening a ridiculous gap on the others. Howland shot home the winning goal.

That was the end. The crowd

dutifully cheered the victorious invaders and began to scatter.

Dorothy drove slowly toward the main road. As she expected, Howland detached himself from the back-slapping group around him and ran over for a word. She pulled out of line.

"Congratulations."

"It wasn't I. It was that black. I want to buy him. Of course our ponies—change of water and feed you know; they're not used to it yet."

She asked, "Aren't you giving any credit to the old 'battlefield courage'?"

"We'll talk about that. Tell you what. To-morrow morning phone the stables for your mare and I'll call for you with the black devil. Say nine o'clock."

"Nine o'clock then," she said.

The road in was a slow column of cars. Window lights were gleaming by the time she reached the Club. Krughoffer was the only one at their table.

"Captain Keller won't be in till rather late, Mrs. Keller. He and Captain Costeen were making a reconnaisance for the problem to-morrow. It's going to be quite a show, a terrain exercise and artillery demonstration combined."

She ate little. Leaving the dining room she encountered Howland, fresh and fit in his tailored clothes.

"To-morrow," she said when he would have detained her.

It was barely six o'clock next morning when Captain Keller on his way out stopped briefly at her door. He did not speak.

When he had gone she felt strengthened in resolution. She would cast aside sentimentality and scruples. The world of culture and of art was hers to enter. Howland would open its door for her. She must develop the same kind of courage which he had displayed in the polo game, the cold calculating courage that avoids petty encounters, that dares only when the stake is worth the risk.

Howland was prompt. Exactly at nine o'clock they dismissed the orderly and walked their horses down the bridle path.

"Shall we resume the subject?" he asked.

"Militarism? Isn't it rather a threadbare topic?"

"Not so long as we have wars and soldiers to make them."

"Captain Keller says soldiers don't make wars; they only fight them," she quoted.

"Anyway, that isn't the subject I meant. Or at least it's only incidental to it. How about you? Are you going to be serious about your career?"

They were entering the first patch of woods.

Perversely, she wanted to postpone her reply. She let her mount out into a gallop. The mare needed no urging. Her hoofs spurned the ground.

The black overtook the mare like a swooping hawk. Howland caught Dorothy's bridle.

"I was all right," she asserted.

They cantered more sedately across an open space.

"Isn't this where we had the hunt breakfast?" Howland asked.

"I think so. Yes, this is the road we came in on." They walked their mounts up a hill.

Howland pressed closer to her.

"Aren't you going to answer me?"

"Of course," she said, "but later. Now let's just enjoy ourselves."

"I enjoy nothing more than to be with you."

It was a clumsy compliment at best and Dorothy disliked its implications.

"Rubbish!" she said virily.

Near the crest of the hill a group of officer students, a few wearing queer white ribbons as hatbands, were gathered around an instructor. They blocked the way. The two riders dismounted and led their horses around.

Krughoffer and two privates stood in the road. One private held a red guidon on a staff.

"Old Man's orders, no riders east of this road," said Krughoffer. "You can go straight on but watch out for warning signs, especially that lane up there on the left."

The lane was the one which had been the scene of the Sunday morning dialogue.

The instructor's high-pitched voice came to them. His phrases were in tactical jargon: "Map coordinate four-twenty-six eighteen, point six-three-eight twelve—main effort on the left—artillery concentration will be laid down at 'H' hour minus ten—Six Hundredth Infantry will be represented by students wearing white hatbands—"

"We're going to pop down into those woods soon," Krughoffer was saying. "It'll be pretty hot in there for about ten minutes."

"But you're sure this road is safe?" Howland asked.

"Oh, yes. Our gunners are accurate. But stick to the road. By the way, Mrs. Keller, you'll find your husband and Captain Costeen just up the line. They may not look like it, but they're a battalion."

Dorothy and Howland rode on slowly.

"We'll have to look down that lane at least," Howland said. "I believe I mislaid my heart there."

"Mr. Howland," she said, "I'm just hoping that I misunderstand you."

"But you don't. You know I'm crazy about you. Here's your husband; I've just time to add this—there isn't *anything* I wouldn't do for you."

Her cheeks flamed. As they reached the road fork she wondered whether Captain Keller would notice it. He and Costeen were leaning against the rail fence just under the sign that forbade entrance to the byway. Each wore the incongruous white band around the crown of his campaign hat.

Far away, somewhere, a series of dull explosions vibrated. Another sound swept on them like a rushing tempest. In the ravine the tree tops on the farther side of the stream were seen to sway and from among them came a muffled clamor of bursting shells.

The horses shied and turned about aimlessly as if seeking a way of escape. Dorothy could feel the tremor of the earth transmitted through the gray mare's body.

"Better bale out," Keller advised. "Those nags aren't war horses."

Before Dorothy could free her right foot from its stirrup another rumble of cannon shook the ground.

The mare flinched. As the shells began again to scream the animal plunged about unmanageably, then bolted straight into the lane and toward the perilous wood.

The girl felt no fear. Howland was sure to overtake her before the bridge was reached. There was no danger on this side of the stream.

She was even confident that she could rein in the animal herself. Already its strides were shortening. Dorothy pulled on the curb-bit with all her strength. As the echoes died

out of the wood the mare broke stride. She halted, but still trembled.

Dorothy faced the animal about. She looked for Howland. And was astonished to see that the polo player had dismounted. More than that, he had surrendered the reins of the black horse to Captain Keller. Costeen was holding the horse's head and Keller was attempting to mount.

Better not try riding back. She tried to free her right foot from the stirrup and discovered that she could not. Her foot had slipped through beyond the heel. All at once the girl's heart began to pound.

Another and louder artillery salvo had attacked the wood. The mare lunged, wheeled and bolted once more toward the bridge.

This time there was no intermission in the rain of shells ahead. Already the girl could see their small yellow explosions through the trees.

The mare's hoofs beat a frantic tattoo on the bridge planks. She was blind with fear. Her mouth was iron to the rein.

Despite her panic Dorothy knew it would be folly to fling herself from the saddle. To be dragged by that inescapable stirrup meant certain death. Hardly less was the menace before her.

"Mary Mother, save me!"

Even as she uttered the ejaculation she heard the beat of the black charger's hoofs on the bridge behind her.

Flying twigs whipped her face. Branches beat her. Earth was flung at her. Hideous noise engulfed her.

Then the black horse was at her side. Savagely Keller drove the black over against the mare. As they reached a small clearing beyond which lay an inferno of shellfire, he forced the mare steadily off the path, deflecting her into the open in a half circle.

Now they were racing between close, dangerous trees. Thorny growths clutched at the riders.

The ground here was marshy. The girl perceived that they were circling back toward the river.

Startlingly, the cannonade behind them ceased. Now they were sloshing through shallow water.

The mare's mad gait slackened at last in the sticky mud of the river bottom. She scrambled up a sandy bank on the farther shore and stood there dripping, her head hanging as if in shame.

Dorothy forced her foot out of the stirrup-iron's clutch and slipped to the ground. Looking back, she began, unwillingly, to laugh.

The black horse was strolling, riderless, up the bank. Captain Keller had been policed in midstream.

The Marine horseman dragged himself to dry land. His shoes made a sucking noise. The forest-green uniform was sopping. It was torn with a dozen fantastic rents. The white band had come loose and hung disreputably from his crumpled hat.

In his wet embrace Dorothy still laughed, uncontrollably, hysterically. And with laughter came at last the merciful tears.

"Sometimes that old battlefield courage is the best after all," she sobbed.

"Whatever are you talking about, darling?"

She clung to him.

"Never mind. Don't ever—ever—leave me! And I won't ever—ever—leave you!"

"Well, sir," he said, "there'll be great elation on the far-off China station—"

NOGALES TO GUAYMAS

A Little Known Corner of Mexico

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

ONCE over the border it was all left behind:—the streams of cars; the interminable sands of Arizona; cement pavements; hot dogs and gas stations. We had slipped back into another century. A graveled road was under our wheels. A brook ran between green pastures. A cart passed, drawn rather unevenly by a lean horse and three donkeys. A calf gazed at us dreamily from a hillside. This was Mexico.

Then over the brow of the hill ahead of us shot a rickety truck. It careened round a curve; slid into the gutter; bounced onto an adjoining field; turned three sprightly somersaults and landed with a bang upside down.

For an instant it seemed just part of the fantasy, then we remembered that somewhere under the wreckage lay a man. "I'll go," said Jane heroically. But we both went, holding our breath. We looked speechless at the débris. No arm or leg protruded. Lying a few feet from the chassis was the driver's seat with the remains of an awning; it seemed to be moving. We turned it over cautiously and a peon rose unsteadily to his feet. He had a broken crown and bloody face but was very much alive. Shaking his head mournfully, he sat himself down on the ruin of his making. His bleary eyes proved the potency of the brew that had been in the broken bottle —lying on the ground where we found him—which was at once the cause of the whole disaster and his particular lacerations. We mentally scratched our heads too, as we looked at him. It didn't seem very kindly to desert the poor fellow but what were we to do with him?

Then, as if sent as a deliverer, a *vaquero* trotted up from across the pasture, driving some calves before him. We gesticulated fervently but the *vaquero*, after addressing a few curt questions to the peon, dug in his spurs and galloped off despite our shouted pleas. Mustering up the results of twelve hours with a Spanish phrase book, we turned to the truck driver. To *"donde vive?"* he shook his head and pointed southwards but brightened so quickly at the suggestion of Nogales that we guided him down the bank, hauled him into the rumble seat and drove off. We were wondering rather dismally if we would be held as witnesses by the police when we heard grunts from the rear. We halted; the peon lumbered out of the rumble seat, bowed politely, and disappeared up a railway embankment. Much relieved, we headed south, but as we again reached the scene of the accident, two Mexican families were busy rummaging among the wreckage selecting such loose parts of the truck as they could best take away. Feeling responsible for having removed the driver, we looked grimly at the cheerful marauders and cried, *"Non tiene a usted!"* (It doesn't belong to you!) The clarity of the state-

ment and its apparently impeccable syntax had an astonishing effect. Dropping the bolts and tools and even, with reluctance, the driver's seat, the Mexicans returned to their own car, which, like most Mexican Fords, had some gay red muslin stretched across four wooden uprights as an awning instead of the prosaic commercial cover. They waved to us pleasantly and cranked up their engine while I began to thumb the pages of *Spanish in Easy Stages* with unlimited respect. Later we were told that it is a criminal offense for anyone to leave the scene of an accident until the police arrive.

The road swept on through a well-watered rolling country with plenty of cattle but sparsely settled. We passed one miserable settlement where the peons had dug their houses into the side of a hill. They seemed cheerful however and always returned our greetings with good humor. The road was so uneven that at first we tried going very slowly, but at fifty miles an hour one skimmed over the holes much more smoothly. At dusk we reached Magdalena. Magdalena is a small town with a large church; large barracks; a square and bandstand but no pavements. The proprietor of the hotel rose up from a reclining chair in a small green *patio* and on hearing our recently acquired phrase, *"Un cuarto con bano para la noche,"* waved us into a lofty chamber behind him. It contained two double beds and two French windows but no doors. One set of windows opened on the *patio*, the others—which were heavily barred—on the street, and, as the only shutters were of solid wood, one had to choose between completely public life or suffocation. The *"bano"* was across a courtyard swarming with flies and chickens who were clustered about some decaying fruit, but the small cement outhouse contained a real shower with plenty of cool mountain water, and by the time we had bathed, the barkeeper from across the street had rushed over with a huge flagon of ice cold beer—the famous *cirveza* of Sonora.

There was one other American in Magdalena and we made his acquaintance at dinner. He was a young American engineer, born in Mexico, who had prospected quietly about until he was able to buy up an old gold mine which he was operating for himself. He was building himself a house and in a few years hoped to be able to retire with a modest fortune. He reported that the country had settled down and that the people of Sonora were friendly and reliable. His ore was taken out in such rough shape that it was not tempting to brigands and he avoided the risk of a payroll by giving his wages in the usual form of credit at the village store. He showed us about Magdalena that evening—which did not take very long. We had ices at a café by the square—where the band was not playing that night—and he told us the story of the old bandit chief who had become military mayor of the town under Diaz. There were still tales whispered of the scandalous doings in the old recreant's house which is much the grandest in the town.

For breakfast next morning, we pulled a table out under a banana tree in the *patio*. All meals in Sonora are the same price—one *peso* which is twenty-eight and a half cents. Breakfast is the best and it never varies: melons, dry cereal

(made in Mexico), fried eggs, pancakes with honey and the inevitable *frijoles*. *Frijoles* appear sooner or later at every meal; unlike the Boston bean, they are not sweetened and unlike the rest of the food in Sonora, they are not greasy. The two native drinks are beer and iced tea served with little limes. From the young mine owner we learned a phrase that I used usually twice a day: *"Dos huevos coccidos muy blanditos,"* as not even a Mexican cook can inject melted fat into soft boiled eggs! On saying good-by, the engineer begged us to look out for the American boy who was bicycling from Nogales to Mexico City with no other equipment than a fluent knowledge of Spanish. Fortunately our acquaintance had seen to it that a repair kit and water bottle were procured at Magdalena.

We had been told that, although the Governor had banished the clergy from Sonora, the churches were left open for private attendance. The heavy doors were securely barred, however, when we stopped before the church on the square but, on seeing two old women slip round the corner, I followed them through a garden door into the sacristy. Quite a number of women were busy in the church, cleaning it and arranging fresh flowers on the altar where the tabernacle door stood open. The women seemed nervous and apprehensive and most of them were crying. One old woman in a shawl, who I gathered was the priest's mother, begged me to say a prayer for her son whose whereabouts she apparently did not know. The women reminded me of those who had come to the empty tomb with sweet spices on Easter morning.

From Magdalena, the road follows the river through a green valley where market gardens flourish, until it reaches Santa Ana. In Santa Ana we made one wrong turn which brought us through a miserable lane lined with hovels where smells were as varied as they were potent. Santa Ana is a squalid village of less than a thousand souls and the only settlement between Magdalena and Hermosillo. In a winding spiral we mounted over the foothills of the Sierras and then struck out over scrub grown plains with the new highway stretching out for miles straight ahead. In some places the road was still under construction, which gave the wilderness an air of carnival, as the wives and children follow the road makers. Little cabins are woven from branches and the camps are gay with the bright colored wash and stalls of fruits and vegetables. Burros, dogs and babies abound. We passed just one car from California which stopped for a chat. It contained a salesman and his wife from Nogales who were returning from Hermosillo on a holiday and who urged us to go to the Hotel de Viajero where the manager had given them a wonderful time. Except for one or two isolated ranchos and the construction camps our route was entirely deserted, but as the landscape became more rocky and desolate, we suddenly came upon an enclosure with impressive gates and saw a small cabin labeled "Country Club." A sandy, windswept golf course broiled under the midday sun; we were in the suburbs of the capital of the State of Sonora. One enters Hermosillo through a plaza which is fairly impressive; behind it rises a conical gray granite mountain. The main street, which is wide and paved, leads on to a shady square in

front of the cathedral; here the bandstand and benches are painted bright red and blue. There are some rather luxurious looking private houses.

The Casa de Viajero proved to be very crowded, as a theatrical company had taken over the annex, but the manager who was a cordial English-speaking gentleman insisted on giving us his office which was neither comfortable nor attractive. We accepted it gratefully not realizing that a few blocks away was a really modern hotel in a garden. However, the Casa de Viajero was a very friendly old hostelry with a long old-fashioned *table d'hôte* in its shabby *patio* where the manager saw to it that everyone was introduced. Middle-aged American mining engineers were in the majority whose costumes and manners were both nondescript. Their conversation was chiefly about the liquid weight of the party the evening before, and though most of them were very much at home in Mexico, none of them seemed to know any Spanish. Social graces were far more apparent in the Mexican guests. A father, mother and daughter kept shyly to themselves but two salesmen, one from Guadalajara and one from Mazatlán, did their best to make conversation. As their knowledge of English was limited to "O.K.," our intercourse was carried on through the phrase book and a smattering of French which one of them had acquired.

After lunch, the thermometer began to mount with amazing rapidity. The sun made our room so unbearably hot that we went out to the shade of the square which was completely deserted except for a pathetic looking vagrant child who was shortly removed in a police patrol wagon. Late in the afternoon, we drove over to the new park outside the city where at the end of an avenue of date palms, heavy with fruit, a casino was in process of building, which will offer handball and tennis as well as a swimming pool. That night we went to the theater and saw a company from Mexico City, headed by a rotund comedian called Soto, present a political satire with music in which a lazy Communist inspires his fellow workers to seize a factory. Elected their leader, he is shown at the end dictating orders from a barber's chair while manicures work on his fingers and toes and the workers complain that their wages are lower than before. The play announced for the next evening was *El 'Ultimo Fresco* which concerned itself with the controversy between Rivera and Rockefeller. In trying to learn something about it from the Mexican salesmen, they gathered that we wished some ices—*freschi*—and before we knew it had rushed out and returned with a generous supply. It was pouring when the play was over—which meant the beginning of the rainy season—but the thoughtful hotel manager had sent both a motor and a peon with an umbrella.

Next morning we started betimes for Guaymas as we found two American college boys were also on their way there and we felt it would be comforting to know there was some one behind us on the ninety-mile drive. If one is seeking solitude, we can recommend the road to Guaymas. After one passes through the shallow river outside of Hermosillo and a few straggling houses, a board nailed up on a tree points to a track in the sand. There is no speed limit, but no car can safely follow

the winding ruts over the sand at more than twenty miles an hour. We saw no one but a few wandering *vaqueros* and one or two native cars but it never seemed lonely. The desert seems much more intimate when one is on the actual sands. The track wound through groves of trees; up and down out of steep arroyos; over rocky heights and through every imaginable kind of cactus. There was a great deal of animal life: steers, cows, horses, colts, giant jack rabbits and a species of attenuated weasel that looked like the ghost of a prairie dog. Whip snakes shot across our path—so swift that they seemed a straight band of black, and a side winder, one of the most virulent form of rattlers, slumped crookedly out of our way. Buzzards were hovering horridly near the leanest of the cattle, and clean-picked bones showed their handiwork further on. Vultures could occasionally be seen on the treetops and once we saw an eagle. Quail families were occasionally surprised and doves called softly to each other while cardinal birds and herons flaunted their beauty and the handsome pheasant nicknamed the road-runner bustled off at the sound of our horn. It was very hot but the sky had none of the ominous pallor of the Arizona desert in July; it was the delicate clean disarming blue of a baby's eyes with soft masses of froth-blown clouds—then at last there was a darker glimmer of blue in the far distance. We were approaching the Gulf of California.

The port of Guaymas is entered by a wide dusty boulevard which becomes a bedraggled main street with weary looking villas. The harbor, when one reaches it, proves to have many natural advantages, a beautiful oval hemmed in by rugged mountains, but the quay from a decorative angle has been completely neglected. The hotel that faced the harbor was an unkempt lodging house, at the far end of which we discovered a pier where under an awning the youth and fashion of the town were having a Sunday afternoon dance. A white shirt and linen trousers was the male uniform, only one elderly gentleman being burdened with a coat, and the girls looked very fresh and cool in their diaphanous costumes. We wondered how they managed it. The only refreshments available were very hard *tortillas* filled with a greasy hash, fruits, beer and soda waters. For lunch we had beer and bananas, and then went in search of a hotel. We found one that looked as if it had been built for the movies. It evidently dated from the days when Guaymas was the terminus of the railroad and a port of real importance. One drove into a huge covered courtyard which could have housed several four-in-hands, with a *patio* with palm trees beyond it. Around two sides was a veranda some fifty feet wide and just as high from which the rooms were entered. Our room was large enough to have had a bath room partitioned off in one corner but unfortunately it faced the street instead of the harbor. The far side of the old building was directly on the quay, but that part of it was in disuse and the dining-room was on the dusty street corner. That night when we went to bed we realized that we were in the land of cockroaches. They grinned at us from every corner, scuttled into the open, held receptions under the tables and scrunched with a sickly sound when one made futile war upon them. Only once, however, did I scream and that was

when I picked up a stocking to shake off one cockroach and another ran up my arm. We carefully locked away our clothes in our bags and jumped into bed praying that they couldn't run up the bed's iron legs. Nor did they. Next morning I harangued the chambermaid on the subject and made dramatic pantomime of our sentiments towards the enemy.

"Ha! *Cucarachas!*" cried she and made quite a little dissertation. But evidently she was an expert exterminator for we never saw another. Not that we looked for them!

Five miles from Guaymas is Miramar—half a mile of glistening beach in a landlocked cove with no sharks but plenty of pelicans. It is there that most of the visiting fishermen rent cabins. An affable *Señora*, who had been brought up in San Francisco, had opened a restaurant where emaciated broilers and wonderful fish could be procured. The *Señora* also had a few rooms to rent but as neither the furniture nor the plumbing had yet been installed and there was no protection against the flies or the sun, we decided not to move although Miramar usually has a fresh breeze. The water of the Gulf of California is so warm that instead of sitting on the beach, one lolls in the clear green waves. The sun sank behind the jagged rocks as we were still luxuriating and a magnificent sunset spread over the coast. The beach at Miramar is very sociable. A chatty publicity man from Paramount introduced us to a professor from Kansas who was making a survey of the amphibians and ophidians of Mexico. Before we knew it we were in our car being photographed with two baby boa constrictors playing about under our radiator while the three men tried to take a picture of a whip snake. After they had chased the whip snake up and down the beach, they discovered the boas had escaped but found them entwined about a small bush. The professor kept all his treasures in bags in the back of his sedan. The week before, the American Consul's wife had put her hand in the window to touch a bag and was bitten by a rattler. It was a painful moment as the professor then realized that he had allowed his serum to run out, but he cut and sucked the finger and the lady, after a disagreeable week, recovered. The professor spent his nights walking through the hills with a torchlight as he said that snakes never go out in the intense heat. As they have no metabolism against extremes of temperature, the best way to kill serpents is to leave them out in the midday sun when five minutes will suffice. He was about to give all his collection sun baths the next morning as he was leaving for Mazatlán and on account of the approaching rainy season did not dare attempt to motor.

Pelicans, flying, gossiping, fishing, surrounded us in the morning when we made a tour of the harbor in a very noisy motor boat. Fish were leaping and jumping about us and fishing was not so much a matter of skill as of muscular effort. Our first attempt brought us a thirty-pound curbino or Gulf Rock bass. There are twenty varieties of fish available between May and September, but of course the great sport is swordfishing which is quite expensive as it entails hiring a large boat. I confess I much preferred watching the pelicans who are the best of humorists.

That afternoon we went with the

Paramount man and a Mexican friend to see some of the adjoining countryside. To get permission to photograph the ruins of an old church in an ancient settlement close to Guaymas, we called on the local chief of police and found his wife to be a native of Kansas. She told us the village had had fifteen hundred inhabitants before the revolution but that the Yaquis had reduced it to five hundred in the battered houses that were left standing. They had murdered her father-in-law and completely ruined her husband but now having scraped together everything they had left they had bought a farm in the country. She was a voluble talker and finding us full of sympathy, she was soon in the car beside us insisting that we run out to visit her farm. "Country" in the Mexican sense would be "desert" to us, and we bumped over the sand to a little tract where a well had been dug and rushed to cover from the burning sun to a banana tree where our hostess' children were gathered. It was extraordinary to see what the gushing water and the family's energy had been able to accomplish. A small truck farm surrounded us: melons, berries, grapes, maize, oranges, etc. One crop of tomatoes had already been sold and they were waiting for another. We took a snapshot of the pretty girl of sixteen in her big sombrero who insisted on finding us some green grapes to take home with us.

Meanwhile the youth from Guaymas, impressed by the enthusiasm we had politely shown, announced that he had an even greater treat for us could we go on a picnic with him the following day. He would show us one of the great sights of the neighborhood. We promised to be ready and in the middle of the hottest morning of the week, he appeared. The hotel was not very fertile in ideas for picnics but the soft-mannered little waitress put some iced tea in the thermos bottle and the cook produced some hard-boiled eggs and some rolls and tomatoes. We drove through ruined San Juan and then struck out into the desert, passing through the barnyard and gates of a large rancho. Though our guide asked many questions, no one had heard of our objective. We tried various small roads and finally returned to the rancho for a fresh start. This time we achieved the right direction but the track grew smaller and smaller. Bushes scraped against the dapper sides of the roadster and finally we were forced to park it and take to walking. The sun was then at its zenith; Jane had a sombrero, I had a panama and a parasol, but the Mexican hadn't even a hat. I offered him my parasol but he said his hair was thick. We toiled up a mountainside where all the bushes seemed to have thorns and at last found the dried bed of a brook. Then in the distance we espied some palms. When we reached them we sank down on the stones. We were in a gulley which broke into the mountains that rose steeply above us on either hand. Suddenly we heard a clattering and three *vaqueros* stumbled down the trail. They had been up to water their horses and were most surprised and entertained to find us. The mere sound of "water" renewed our energy and we clambered up the gorge to find some very dirty, muddy pools. We were just about to ask how far we were from the place of picnic when it dawned painfully upon us that we had already arrived.

The palm trees and the desiccated remains of the torrent were to that thirsty land as inspiring as a small Niagara! Jane was so hot and thought it all so funny that she sat down in the middle of one of the pools and ten minutes later was completely dry again. We sat ourselves down on the rocks, trying to forget that the cows had been there in great numbers before us, and divided the iced tea and tomatoes. The Mexican drank some of the water with his eggs. Then we lay on our backs, watching the cardinal birds and bluejays in the palm trees overhead, listening to the cooing of the doves and wondering when the innocent looking baby blue sky would seem less full of sunlight. Not till nearly five did we dare to venture out from the shade of the gulley and then we drove posthaste to Miramar and the cooling waters of the Gulf.

The sunset was incredibly beautiful, painting all the mountains with a modernistic palette. We dined on the porch of the little restaurant with an old newspaperman from San Francisco who was full of tales of the high Sierras and the lost city of the Jesuits, which is supposed to hide a fabulously rich gold mine. He told us he had ridden through the mountains with several leash of hounds as protection and he still dreamed of guiding an expedition to the lost city.

We were ready that night to dream of pack trains and lurking Yaquis, but when we reached the hotel we were told that Hollywood had been calling. Jane was needed at the studio as soon as possible for a retake. By seven the next morning we were on our way, warned that the rainy season might overtake us. To those unused to the tropics that means very little, but we began to appreciate its significance when we found that the banks of some of the arroyos had already been cut away during the night and we had to make detours out into the sand around them. About thirty miles from Guaymas, we met the American cyclist walking along beside his bicycle and looking exceedingly hot. We gave him the contents of the thermos bottle and he told us that he had lingered several days in Hermosillo and was very scornful of our having gone to the poorer hotel. He had spent a night at a construction camp on his way to Hermosillo and had stopped the night before at a rancho. When he heard he was still so far from Guaymas, he determined to try to get an oxcart at the little cabin we had passed some time before. He also told us that the river was rising outside of Hermosillo and that some cars had been delayed in crossing for twelve hours. This was very anxious news and the rest of the way Jane and I debated the possibility of her having to take the plane from Mexico City, leaving me with the car. I tried to joke about crossing the Arizona deserts by myself but I confess that the prospect wasn't cheering.

When we arrived at the river, however, we found that, although it was twice as wide as we had left it and the ford had moved down stream a quarter of a mile, it was still passable. A peon with a wretched pair of bony horses dragged us safely across with many shouts and plunges. We drew a sigh of relief, and rushed to the best hotel. It was really a very decent place, clean and in good repair with a small garden, but the lunch was cooked in just the same amount of grease. After we had enjoyed a

shower in quite a luxurious suite, we hurried on to Nogales to find that the proper official had just left his office. The State of Sonora had put up the bond for our car and it must be returned to him. We managed to explain to the clerk the urgency of the situation and he volunteered to take us to his superior's home, but there we were told by a neighbor that the *Señor* and *Señora* had gone to the movies. There is, however, but one picture house in Nogales and our search was soon rewarded. Not at all annoyed at having business follow him in his recreation, the *Señor* most amiably returned to his office and gave us back our registration and wished us *Buen Viaje!* The Consul in Los Angeles had been quite correct when he told us that we would find the people of Sonora obliging and kindly. We had been particularly impressed by the interest the servants in the hotels had taken in pleasing us.

Our reception at the American Customs was entirely different. We began to feel like escaped malefactors, and when we were told that we would have to leave behind a half empty bottle of California port that had been given us in Hollywood, we decided to drink it up on the spot. We paid a fine of eighty cents on a tiny flask of Anisette and then had it confiscated as we had forgotten to declare it. But we felt the heartening effect of American steak for dinner. It was in a restaurant called the Log Cabin with a phonograph playing *"La Paloma"* and a populous bar in the side room. The proprietress was a rakish blonde with a long-moustachioed, mild-mannered husband who did the cooking. She said her sister, who was serving the bar, had worked in pictures and that she, herself, loved cowboys. It was grand on Saturday night when they all came to town. Every cowboy wanted to treat her to a drink, but her husband knew that and would keep coming out of the kitchen. She added that she could guess at once from our accent that we were Mexicans!

It was a very black night but the road from Nogales to Tucson lies in long straight stretches with few intersections. At the hotel in Tucson, the night clerk greeted us with interest as two telegrams were waiting for Jane and others began to arrive when Western Union learned she had at last appeared. The Studio had wired every hotel from Yuma to the Gulf. We were out of Tucson by five the next morning,—the thoughtful bellboy having brought us coffee in a thermos,—and shot away across the desert before the sun had shaken off his night-cap. We had breakfast with the truck drivers at a stand in Gila Bend and lunch and a shower at El Centro. They had warned us at Yuma that heat in the Imperial Valley was so fiery that it was risky for tires, so we gave up seeing Salton and allowed ourselves fifteen minutes in the gardens of San Juan Capistrano, sweeping down the great highway from San Diego. It was the last message from Mexico.

By six o'clock that afternoon we had made the 525 miles from Tucson. We were back in the working world of Hollywood. "Wasn't it dreadfully hot?" asked everyone we met. "Of course it was," we answered, "but what is heat to anyone who has lived north of Poughkeepsie on the Hudson?"

NOW THERE IS BEAUTY

By Sister M. Thérèse, Sor.D.S.

NOW there is beauty for a little space—
Beyond the hush of stars, the lap of seas,
The west wind's wild concerto in the trees;
Beauty that lifts the spirit with a grace
Of lone flower on a blue cliff's perilous place,
Or tremolo of daisies in the breeze
Telling a tender revelation, these—
And the new, silent beauty of your face.

It is God's loveliness that lets me know
How much of heaven slumbers in your eyes;
Down through the lonely night each soul must go
There needs must lurk some hint of Paradise . . .
Your dear hands touched with mercy, and by day
Your heart's white beacon lighting all my way.

IN DEFENSE OF LARKS

By Grace H. Sherwood

IT was the great Dr. Osler who so succinctly divided mankind into halves—the owls and the larks, adding, whimsically, "And they always marry each other." He might have gone further and pointed out that, oftener than not, a lark is born into a family of owls and *vice versa*. If you want to substantiate this statement look about you and observe the families that you know.

A woman asked me once in a perfectly serious way, a woman whom I had not known very long, "Is *your* husband a prowler?" My face must have betrayed my mystification for she went on hastily, "I mean is he one of those men who get up when everyone else wants to sleep, potters about getting the paper and making coffee and whatnot. I call that prowling."

I burst into laughter. Imagine Peter getting up, even *once*, when everybody else was asleep! Unless, indeed, it was around one or two o'clock in the morning. But Peter could not possibly get up at that hour for he would not yet have gone to bed, Peter being able to qualify as the most perfect owl in the whole world. An incident or two to prove it.

One night, a while ago, Peter had the blues. "I must be getting old," he complained gloomily. Properly sympathetic and a little alarmed I inquired as to the signs of senility which had so disturbed him.

"Well," Peter exclaimed, "look at the clock! Only half past twelve and I am getting *sleepy*." This last with all the scorn that a full-fledged owl keeps for that word. Myself, being married to Peter and therefore a lark, have been propping my eyelids open with my fingers for the last hour or so, enduring all the torments which are the lark's portion as the evening becomes night and the night morning. "If this be age," I say to myself treasonably, "if sleepiness be age for Peter, then heaven hasten its coming!"

At that I am better off than the lark wife of another owl man whom we know. This man paints pictures for diversion, begins them when, the last guest departed and the household asleep, he can revel in silence. And in solitude undisturbed except for the presence of his wife. Once, she told me, he began on a sketch of sunrise over the Atlantic at an hour when most men would be stoking the furnace and bolting doors for the night. Resigned, his wife took out the sweater suit she was knitting, knowing there would be time for round upon round when a spell like that was upon him.

But about three o'clock she found herself missing stitches. Her husband, absorbed in the joy of creation, had not said a word for hours. Apparently he was oblivious of her existence. "Now is my chance!" she told herself and, hastily rolling up her work she eased herself out of her chair, out of the room, up the stairs on tiptoe. But a creaky top step betrayed her. Her artist left his work hurriedly and came to the foot of the stairs.

"Are you going to desert me," he cried out, disconsolately, "just when I am about to put in the sunrise?"

She came down again and took out her knitting. But what she *thought* she never told nor which won the bout: the sunrise on the canvas or the sunrise out of doors!

Once, for some reason or other, Peter had to waken himself in the morning. It would be impossible for me to begin awakening him at the usual hour. Begin is the proper word, chosen with due deliberation. If you notice it always devolves upon the larks to see that the owls, no matter how much they have prolonged their midnight orgies of writing or painting or what not, get awake in time to go on with their usual occupations, the world, in general, being organized on a daylight basis.

Peter coöperated to the best of his ability. He came home, the night before this occasion, with a new alarm clock, a Big Ben. Winding it, thoughtfully, he was seized with doubts. "Alarm clocks never have had any effect on me," he mused. "Couldn't we set it on a tray or something to make it more rattly?"

We brought up the rattliest things we could find from the kitchen, a pyramid of pudding pans, to be exact, the Big Ben crowning the aluminum monument proudly, ticking its loudest and wound, not to whisper but to shout. All to no purpose. I arrived home at the time Peter was supposed to be up and gone to find the pyramid topsy-turvy from vibration, the alarm run down to its last hoarse whisper and Peter calmly sleeping on, undisturbed by bell or clatter. "What *would* Peter do," I asked myself as I shook him hastily into consciousness, "if he had not married a lark?"

I grant that the owls have all the advantage, once the lights go on. No matter how tiresome the concert, how vapid the play, how tedious the conversation, they carry on and without an effort. Not for them, as the clock chimes midnight, comes the agonizing droop of eyelid that *must* be kept open at *any* cost! An owl, hearing the stroke that divides day and night, thinks only that it is time to mix up something cooling for the throats parched with so much and so good argument. Other owls, sipping the concoction gratefully, light fresh cigars and cigarettes and settle themselves comfortably in their chairs for another round of talk, the night being still young and the fate of Europe as yet unsettled. It is only the poor larks who, sipping and lighting, think, not of cooling throats but of cooling sheets denied them, now, apparently, for more hours than they care to dwell on. One and all they are like De Maupassant's good curé: for them the nights are dark for *sleep*. They would to bed and leave Dictators to daylight. Long before *Il Duce* has been consigned to the dust of other Cæsars, there is not a lark in the company but would sell her soul, almost, for the privilege of going to bed. But cheer up, Larks! Your turn will come with sunrise.

For to be born a lark means to awake in the morning with every sense alert and tuned in on life. It means to look out of the window and see the sun or even the rain and say, happily, "Another day!" And to be able to get up, immediately, without effort, to enjoy it. It means to be able to plan, to think, to do, while the mind is fresh, while the hours of the day are all before one. It means, also, to come down to

breakfast with an appetite, not only for food but for conversation, for comment on the news, for all the humanizing joys of sociability.

And, leaving practical things aside, who but the larks know how magnificently the day *can* break. Who but they have seen the splendor of mauve and crimson slowly split the gray of night into long stripes of breath-taking color, while the morning star hangs low, like a lantern set to light the way for the sun which, even as one watches, comes shouldering his way into sight, his first rays dancing ahead, eager to turn to gold the blackness of chimney top and roof. Who but the larks know the magic of that eerie hour between darkness and light when the cool touch of the dawn wind on one's cheek seems more like a breath from some unknown world down there behind the glory of the east than merely the harbinger of one more familiar, prosaic day.

It is the lark who knows how a great city wakes, shaking itself from the silence and darkness like a mighty giant shaking himself from sleep, lingering, perhaps, while the owls slept, on some near-by hill. He knows how sweet the morning can be with the scent of apple blossom, how vocal it can be with the call of bright-winged songsters to their mates. Far off, across the serried roofs of sleeping men, he sees the first faint puff of chimney smoke; hears, from the hitherto silent streets, the first faint sounds of traffic, too faint, as yet, to drown this sudden burst of melody on his ears—the peal of Angelus bells, calling out to each other from a dozen scattered city steeples, the old, unheeded, story of Redemption.

He listens while the voices of the bells grow faint and fainter, are silent, one by one. But now the voice of horn, of whistle, of gong, grow and become insistent. Louder and louder they become, more and more insistent, supplementing each other from far and near until, with one huge blast of sound, the throats of the factories shout out across the city that the time for dreaming is past, the workaday world must be about its business.

From the deck of some incoming steamer the lark has watched the almost unbelievable beauty of Manhattan's sky line emerge, bit by bit, from the mists of morning, the sun a huge red ball behind fairy towers and turrets which seem more the stuff from which dreams are made than the roofs of the huge city towards which the liner is nosing its way, slowly and evenly. The mists will vanish, the fairy turrets turn to unromantic lofts. Turmoil, confusion and clamor will begin and continue as they begin and continue whenever man congregates, as he must, for his daily toil.

But everywhere, whether on sea or on land, there will be a lark to treasure up in his mind the riches that the dawn gave, to make a fragrant bouquet of the beauty upon which his grateful soul has feasted so that, taking it into the feverish and dusty day it may refresh him and make his soul glad. True, he may have to sit, heavy-lidded that very night, while some owl outshines him, talking the hours away, fresh as the proverbial daisy.

Fresh the owl may appear, fresh he may feel himself to be, nay, fresh he may be indeed. But the lark has no envy of all this freshness. There is another freshness which he knows about and hungers for—the freshness of morning dew upon

young grass. There is a light beside which all the midnight oil of the world burns but as darkness—the opalescence of the sea when she welcomes her lover, the sun. There is a song—and David heard it long ago in far off Palestine—the song that the morning stars sing together.

Like magnets, these three pull him from his bed when the age-old miracle of day is about to begin. And these three are one and their name is—Dawn.

LAMENT FOR CHESTERTON

By Margaret Munsterberg

YOUR sudden silence fills me with dismay,
As would the hushing of a mighty river:
You lavish waterfall, you spendthrift giver!
Your leaping thoughts, like tumbling waves at play,
Rushed, ever fearless, on their sunny way—
And now, their tune and sparkle gone, a shiver
Runs through the world you brightened, and I quiver
To think how gloomy it is left to-day.

Pure was your laughter, even your derision
Would rouse from sloth, but leave no poisoned sting,
And it was good to hear you laugh and mock!
You burst upon our vale of indecision,
Sure of that power which you called the Thing:
Your torrent sprang from an eternal Rock.

THE PALESTINIAN ARAB CAUSE

By D. Harold Hickey

I WENT to Palestine with an open mind. While conscious of the fact that there are always two sides to every question, had I been obliged to cast my vote before leaving America it would have been on the Jewish side. I had read, and heard over the radio, of disturbances throughout the Holy Land and I was more or less convinced that the Arabs were a backward people and that the revolt was confined to the lawless and ignorant. Furthermore, I had read much concerning the Zionist Movement and the work done by Jewish Nationalism in Palestine. The statement that the Arabs had shared alike with Jews in the scientific development of the country I accepted without question.

Going over on the ship I talked with a number of intelligent Jews who were on their way to visit the Jewish colonies in Palestine. Two of the group were reformed Jewish rabbis who saw in the Zionist Movement the fulfillment of the hopes and dreams of their race. Not one of them could understand that the Arabs had a case or that there was any measure of justice in their demands. They dwelt, for the most part, upon the benefits that had accrued to Jew and Arab alike as a result of scientific farming and improved social conditions. It all appeared so idealistic, progressive and inevitable. Apart from any literal or forced interpretation of Scripture, there appeared to be a measure of poetic justice in the fact of the Jew's returning to the land of his fathers and there achieving that national and social independence that had been denied him in other lands. The fact that the rights of other peoples might be jeopardized by such expansion had never occurred to me. A few Arabs might protest but they were probably the lawless and vicious who were jealous of the prosperity of their new neighbors. I was not prepared for the deep-seated expression of revolt which I observed from Bethlehem to Ker Kana or Canaan in Galilee.

When Great Britain assumed the mandate of Palestine and Transjordania following the World War, she found herself in the awkward position of one who has promised that two bodies shall occupy the same space at the same time. According to the law of physics it cannot be done. The one who is so foolish as to try to accomplish it is bound to be confronted with complications sooner or later. Faced with the dire necessity of winning the War Britain promised independence to the Arabs. As soon as the Turks were driven from Palestine an independent Arab state was to be established. In response to this alluring appeal thousands of Arabs flocked to the British standard only to discover later that in turning against the Turk they had simply changed masters.

On the other hand, Britain appealed for and secured financial support and man power from Jewry throughout the world by promising Palestine as a home for all Jews when victory had been won.

The difference in these two prom-

ises lies in the fact that the one made the Arabs has all the binding force of a treaty for such it was. On October 24, 1915, Sir Henry M'Mahon accepted on behalf of the British Government an agreement with the Shereef of Mecca, later King Hussein, fixing the boundaries of the independent Arabic state, which included Palestine. This pledge was later confirmed by Lord Balfour in 1918 and by Lord Carson to King Feisal in 1919. The agreement, however, was never made public. Later, in 1916, without the knowledge of King Hussein, the British Government made a secret agreement with the French Republic which excluded Palestine from the new Arabic state. Still later, in 1917, Lord Balfour promised Lord Rothschild that a National Home for Jews would be established in Palestine.

The contention of all the Arabs with whom I talked, was that the promise made to them had priority over that made to the Jews because it had been made to an ally, a leader of a fighting nation—King Hussein—who had put a quarter of a million men in the field. The Arabs feel, therefore, that they have been betrayed. They are convinced that they won the War for the Allies in the Near East. As my Arab guide expressed it, "We were eyes and ears for the British during the War. They could not have won in a hundred years without us." Certainly the Arabs knew the country and rendered invaluable service to the cause. Furthermore, they risked all in turning against their Turkish rulers. Outside the city of Beirut, near Dog River, my guide called my attention to this inscription on a tablet placed upon a high and rocky cliff overlooking the Mediterranean: "The Desert Corps, Composed of British, Australian, New Zealand and Indian Cavalry and the Arab Forces of King Hussein, Captured Damascus, Hams and Aleppo, October, 1918." "Sir," he shouted, "see there, Arab forces. What did we do it for? Why did we risk our lives for liars, hypocrites and cheats?" In these words he was expressing that feeling of intense bitterness that runs throughout Palestine.

Not only do the Arabs claim that the promise made them has all the binding force of a treaty but that the promise made to the Jews by Balfour was to a private individual for a people scattered all over the world. That one promise precludes the other is self-evident. There cannot be an independent Arab state and a National Home for the Jews in Palestine at the same time. Oil and water cannot mix.

According to paragraph 4, Article 22, of the Covenant of the League of Nations, Palestine logically belongs in category A as a potentially independent state—"Subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as it is able to stand alone."

When General Allenby entered Jerusalem at the head of his victorious troops in December, 1917, he declared in his proclamation that the aim of the War was to free the land from Turkish anarchy and to give the people self-government. A few years later in a speech at the dedication of the Y. M. C. A. Building in Jerusalem, he offended the Moslem portion of his hearers by referring to the War as the last crusade. Allenby has often been referred to as the Last Crusader. The word Crusades has one meaning for the Moslem and another for the

Christian. To the latter it is symbolic of idealism and chivalry, the rescuing of the Holy Places of Palestine from vandal hands. To the former it suggests the overthrowing of his faith and the loss of his land. It was an unfortunate statement and Allenby should have amplified it so that there could have been no possible misunderstanding. It has since rankled in the minds of all Moslem Arabs and Christian Arabs could not explain it away were they so inclined. Both have been made to feel that they have been the tools of British diplomacy.

The Arabs with whom I talked, pointed out that not only had the promise of independence made to them been violated, but that the restricting clause of the Balfour declaration had also been ignored, namely—"Nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities." Not only is the Jewish National Home being projected in a territory occupied by another race, as one intelligent Arab pointed out, but insult has been added to injury by a deliberate boycott of Arab labor upon the part of the Jewish National Movement. It is a fixed rule that in all Jewish colonies and settlements only Jewish labor shall be employed. As a case in point my informant told me of the sale of a farm by a Syrian Arab who employed two hundred of his own race to till the soil. When this farm was taken over by Jewish interests two hundred fellahin were immediately thrown out of employment. Instances of this kind could be multiplied.

To claim that the Arabs are benefiting through Jewish development of Palestine sounds ironical in view of the fact that thousands have been thrown out of employment while other small business men have been undersold as a result of their inability to compete with mass production and sharp practice. That many Arabs have been cared for in Jewish hospitals is freely admitted but such philanthropy is no new thing in Palestine. The Church for centuries has made no distinction between Jew, Moslem and Christian and has cared for all alike.

Dr. Winer, in 1929, writing in *Kristische Reisedursch Palestina* and quoted by Dr. Canan, a prominent Arab leader in Jerusalem, declares: "It is characteristic that already to-day many Jews do not use non-Jewish carriages or cars and do not set foot in non-Jewish shops." As far back as 1922, Erskine in *Palestine of the Arabs* declared, "The Zionist movement continued to boycott Arab labor and to arrange the affairs of their colonies so that no outside person could possibly profit by their advantages." From the above it will be seen that the aim of the Jewish National Movement is to appropriate as much land in Palestine as possible, to increase immigration until the population of the country becomes predominantly Jewish and to withhold all labor in Jewish settlements and elsewhere from every non-Jew. In view of all this the Arab is convinced that he faces the loss of his country in the present crisis. Sir John Hope in his report on Palestine writes, "The Arab can never expect to lease or cultivate the land bought, but by the stringent provisions of the lease of the Jewish National Fund, he is deprived forever from employment on that land."

Furthermore, the Arabs feel outraged by the fact that while every

commission appointed by the British Government to investigate conditions in Palestine has favored their cause, the findings and recommendations of these commissions have been repeatedly ignored. In view of the fact that nothing has resulted from the commissions of Hayecraft, Shaw, Simpson, and John Crospice, all of which recognized the justice of the Arab contention, one cannot wonder that they do not, at this time, place much faith in a promise of the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate conditions in Palestine. What has become of the reports of other commissions, they ask.

In spite of the fact that these commissions were unanimous in the opinion that the present population was all that the country could absorb, at least for the time being, the legal immigration into Palestine for the past three years has been as follows: 1933, 32,000; 1934, 42,000; 1935, 61,500. In addition to the above, it has been claimed that at least 1,500 Jews find their way in illegally each year. According to the census of the Jewish Agency, the Jewish population increased from 158,000 in 1922 to 375,000 in 1935 or at the abnormal rate of 237 per cent in thirteen years.

It is a well-known fact that many prominent Jews in Palestine are in agreement with the Arab demand for a cessation of immigration. It has been reported upon good authority that a protest was to have been made to the British Government by prominent Jewish business men against this unhealthy increase in population. The following statement by a Jewish writer appeared in a recent number of the *Spectator:* "Of late years the economic capacity of the country [Palestine] has been given little consideration when the numbers of authorized immigrants is considered. This is obvious when one sees the swarms of small shopkeepers, merchants, professional men, and others, whom no country as small and as poor as Palestine could support. The present uneconomic state of the country is undoubtedly a consequence of excessive immigration of the past few years. The solution seems to be a return to 1922, to put the policy then laid down into practice, in spirit and in the letter."

Like many welfare and charitable movements, Jewish Nationalism has suffered from waste and mismanagement. In spite of all that has been said of the efficiency of modern agricultural development, not one of the seventy-odd Jewish colonies is self-supporting. The vast amount of Jewish capital contributed for sentimental reasons from all parts of the world, makes the support of thousands of newcomers possible. The majority of these immigrants have no desire for, or interest in, an agrarian life. It is inevitable that with the influx of such an army into the country that many of them should prove undesirable, indolent and lawless. Native Jews are very frank to admit this. That the Jew's natural habitat is the city or town and not the farm is evidenced by the fact that seventy-five per cent of the Jewish population in Palestine is in urban centers. The towns and cities claim 284,000 of the population while 91,000 are in rural districts. Of this 91,000, one-half are in semi-urban centers, so that not more than 46,000 are living on the soil. The impartial observer of conditions in Palestine is forced to the conclusion, that, apart from the injustice done to the Arabs,

the present policy is visionary and impractical. Like most coöperative movements it is doomed to failure. Its death knell would have been sounded long ago were it not for the vast contributions that have been donated for its support.

I was greatly impressed while in Palestine by the fact that the majority of the English-speaking population favored the Arab side. While deploring acts of violence they were a unit in recognizing the soundness of the Arab demand for a cessation of immigration. I found this sentiment to prevail among groups of business and professional men, educators, priests and even among the officers of the British Army.

It may sound paradoxical to say that the present uprising in Palestine is a peaceful strike of non-cooperation. But it is true that in spite of sporadic outbursts of violence here and there, the Arabs are displaying a commendable patience under sore trial. They feel that they are making their last stand, that if they fail now they are forever lost. In spite of this deep undercurrent of desperate determination, there is an outward calm everywhere. I walked through the streets of the old City of Jerusalem day after day for two weeks. Here one can see rows of Arab stores closed, with the sign, "To Let," upon the door. The Arab's sense of humor is seen in the additional statement: "Apply to the High Commissioner." When it was reported that the Government would force them to open their shops the Arab merchants quietly moved their goods to their homes. They would open the shop if compelled to do so but there would be nothing to sell.

I visited a score of towns from one end of Palestine to the other. Everywhere I saw the rows of closed shops in mute protest, crowds of men in the streets but there was no outward demonstration of disorder. The men always returned the customary salutation of my guide—"Peace be to you," with evident good will.

The Arab is always courteous although at times excitable. But there was no evidence anywhere of irrational fury. Lawlessness, I believe, is confined to the minority and to the non-Christian. Nazareth is seventy-five per cent Catholic and the priest at the Church of the Annunciation, who spoke English perfectly, was justly proud of the fact that there had been virtually no disturbances in the town. Here as elsewhere, there was that same grim determination to carry on.

The Arab may be crushed through economic necessity but he will never yield. In the square at Bethlehem in front of the Church of the Nativity, I talked with a young Arab who said in answer to my questions, "We are fighting for our country. We will not give in." There was a flash of patriotism in his eyes which touched me deeply. "Success to you," I exclaimed impulsively.

"Thank you, Sir," he replied. "Tell the people in America the truth. Ours is the same issue for which you fought many years ago."

His spirit is typical of the movement which is destined to claim many martyrs before peace is restored. It is a natural and noble instinct to defend one's home, country and religion. Only those who have been threatened with the loss of these priceless possessions can understand what it means. The Arabs believe that life can hold nothing for them should they lose

in this conflict. They are making their last stand as truly as did the Greeks at Thermopylæ, and our political forefathers at Concord and Lexington. We naturally deplore their acts of violence, their throwing of bombs into trains and buildings, their sniping from the hills of Judea and Samaria but we should remember that all these things are acts of desperation. As I heard a bomb explode outside our hotel one evening near the Jaffa gate at Jerusalem, I wished that it could be a shot heard clear around the world. The Arabs have no army or weapons. They cannot take the field openly. Arbitration has failed in the face of financial influence. They have, therefore, no recourse but to resort to a guerrilla warfare in the attempt to convince the statesmen in England that there are grevious wrongs in the Holy Land that call to high heaven for redress.

The situation is enough to make one weep. Here we see the power and influence of capital committing the same crime of unfair racial discrimination against which all Jews protest so vigorously when applied to their race in other lands; we see blundering British diplomacy trying to maintain the *status quo* and becoming further involved in conflicting promises; we see a helpless people doomed to be robbed of political and economic independence. As one looks upon situations like these one is saddened by the lack of social solidarity, the predominance of the racial and national spirit that prevents understanding and coöperation and one is forced to exclaim with the old Roman orator, *"O tempora! O mores!"*

STRANGER THAN FICTION

By Amy Brooks Maginnis

I ALWAYS see rather than hear this story, though it has been told to me now so many times. But I did not know Mrs. Fallon and those five fine sons of hers at the time it was all taking place. However, I have heard about it since, over and over again, till I seem to hold it in my mind as a succession of little scenes flashing by as they might be shown on a reel of moving picture film portraying the events that transpired during those five years and more that passed from the moment when Patrick Fallon decided once and for all that he would follow the sea. It was a long sad story. "Truth is stranger than fiction"—that is what some one of us says every time the tale is told anew.

First of all there is the picture of him and two of his brothers, the oldest of the Fallon boys, Dennis and Hugh. They were hurrying along in the sunny autumn weather, down the streets that led to the dock. For there had been a family council that September and it was decided that Patrick was to go to sea, and, this time it would be for good. He had tried it often enough before in his restless, adventurous young life. The first time of all had been in Ireland, years ago, when he had run away from school and his books,—those books whose margins had been crammed with his cleverly-drawn, full-rigged ships in sharp perspective. For he was a magnificent draftsman had his imagination but taken a turn that way. But he had lost his head and stowed away on an old freighter bound for the Adriatic. A man had lost his life on that voyage, a shipmate who had fallen from the rigging. He had hit the deck with such an impact that his bloody brains, dashed out instantly, had spattered up on Patrick's very boots. That had been a frightful experience for the boy, and it had held him ashore for awhile. Still he got restless for the sea again so that later, when they had reached America, after their father died, his desultory land jobs ended always in unrest and dissatisfaction. Over and over he set sail. There would be intervals between voyages but he would always ship once more. Letters would come at such times, after the smoldering fires of his discontent ashore had burst into fresh flames of action that precipitated these new wanderings, letters from ports far-off, whose familiar names seemed, somehow, vague and unreal—Valparaiso, Calcutta, Bergen, Hongkong. Once he had been wrecked in the Indian Ocean and had appeared to his mother in a dream, so she said, dripping wet and speckled with foam. That was not so strange, for her mind was constantly full of forebodings. "We were three days in an open boat," he wrote her, "but I seem to have as many lives as the proverbial cat. You'll never lose me. I shall always turn up like the bad penny."

And now they were off to see him start again. Hugh and Dennis had gone down to see him sail often enough before. But this time it was

different. Something about it was final. For their mother had agreed to lay aside her anguished dread, to discard speculative prophetic miseries in the interest of seeing Patrick get a real start. He was to go about it properly now,—in spite of his twenty-three years,—entering a small naval college in England and preparing scientifically for an officer's berth some day. That very morning they had withdrawn the money from the bank for him and he knew how sorely taxed his mother's generosity had been by the surrender of all those crisp bank notes. A letter of credit would have been better. How many times they had told him so. But he had a sailor's aversion to whatever involved red tape. He had long ago purchased his ticket on the *Gallant Endeavor*, a small freighter that was about to sail out of Boston for Liverpool.

So the three walked along that bright September day, for the weather was fine and Patrick's small store of luggage had been sent on board ahead of time. It appeared odd to his brothers that with all those obstacles removed that had on other occasions filled even their sanguine young minds with sorrowful apprehensions, he should for once be so silent and sad. His face lacked even the flicker of a smile, nor had he one of his usual jests about rolling stones or bad pennies! But he marched along between them in the clear autumn light, face tense and sober, eyes with a hurt and somehow hunted look. He seemed not quite to hear them as they indulged in an elder-brother preachment about his mending the evil of his ways and resolving, since he was now so old and had been given this final chance, never to ask or take a penny from his mother's generous hands again. Perhaps it was some sense of her sacrifices and of the hardships she must meet in making this surrender after so many years of fruitless opposition and frustrated experiments that made him look so sad and caused his head to droop as they approached the dock. In any case, he was far from being his usual jaunty self.

He mounted the stairs leading to the pier from which the *Gallant Endeavor* was to sail, so slowly that there was positive reluctance in the steps that carried him on. The gangplank was down and there was only a short time left before sailing. At its foot stood a uniformed agent of the line who extended his hand for Patrick's ticket and passport papers. I can see the man as plainly as if I had been there, his hand outstretched for a moment as he paused, his expression puzzled and a bit suspicious as Patrick asked:

"Has a Mr. Charles Derby gone aboard?"

"Derby? I can't recall any such name on the passenger list."

"I was told that he represents a firm consigning a hundred head of cattle to the *Gallant Endeavor* for transport."

"That's news to me, sir,"—now he was examining the papers and as he handed them back he cautioned, "Mind your money, sir, we've been warned of swindlers and pickpockets about."

"My money's quite safe from pickpockets," Patrick had said, laughing ever so faintly. "I've put it where a pickpocket won't easily reach it."

He pocketed his papers then and went up the gangplank.

It all recurred to them later, of course, though just then, standing there in the sunshine which was so

quiet and golden, with the gently heaving sea before them, proffering promises of blue and silver peace, they felt only serenity in this implication that a responsible caution, a new prudence possessed Patrick who had hitherto been such an impractical and careless traveler. In years to come they always saw his face again, sad and longing, and the pain in his hungry eyes, roving this way and that, searching for some expected face in the crowd, some face that he never found, for his eyes were unsatisfied up to the last. At the end they saw him standing at the rail, and his face was more despairing, wearing a firm and resigned look of submission to some accepted disappointment at which they could only guess. He was quite still, his arms folded on the rail, as immovable as a bust. But his eyes, loving and beseeching, were fixed on their faces with an intensity that was frightening. As the boat swung away for its final slow turn, they saw him still, high above them, and he leaned toward them a little in a sudden gesture of farewell, as if to say that after all there was at last a pull of home and loved ones stronger than that of the sea.

Too late they understood it all and recalled, sadly, their final admonitions.

"So when I realized," his letter ran, "that it was a simple case of gold bricks, and knew that there was no agent, no cattle, no money . . . that the man who had done me out of all my cash was not coming back to go aboard, I just backed up all the boys had said with a resolution of my own never to take another cent from you again. So here I am, at the bottom of the navigator's ladder, on board this filthy old tub, the *Janet B.*, and there I'll try to stay till I have passed some of the tests that will carry me towards a real command."

Letters came for a time, recounting such unbelievably surmounted hazards that the family came to the conviction that Patrick bore a charmed life. A shifted cargo that resulted in a deck slant of almost twenty degrees had not hindered them from making port in safety. A fire in the hold, smoldering for days, had been safely kept in check. To cap all, a gigantic wave, sweeping him from the after deck as they made one voyage round the Horn in a terrific blow, carried out with him a rope that swirled so rapidly round his body in the water as to jerk him back to safety before fear of his fate had crystallized even in his own mind.

Every night, while all this was happening, in an alcove of the upper hall at home, where a bay window, apse-like, made available a little space for a homely altar, Patrick's mother, valiantly faithful, prayed for him to Our Lady, symbolized by the little blue and white and gold statue that the boys could remember ever since their Irish childhood. And when no more letters came, after that last one mailed from San Francisco which told that he had passed his final test and had been assigned a post as third officer on a small tramp steamer, the *Enterprise*, from a Pacific port to the Indies, in her indomitable hope his mother maintained her nightly custom of reciting the rosary for her absent son. I picture it all, even to that little pause they tell me of, that divided the prayers for the living and for the dead. The boys were never unaware of a tiny, shuddering moment of indecision, as if there were an instantaneous question of

which category should include Patrick's name. But then her head would be lifted high and her face would glow as with some inner spiritual flame as she willed her hope alive with the dear familiar words of age-long prayer. Even on Saturday nights, when Dennis and Hugh returned from their weekly quest of Lloyd's report and she knew that the *Enterprise* was still "unreported" she never wavered though month succeeded month and the years stretched longer and longer. When five years of such uncertainty had passed, Lloyd's, according to their custom in such cases, listed the ship, so long overdue and unheard from, as definitely "missing." Then belief grew in the remaining sons that their mother would be brought at last to face the inevitable. She received the news in silence overlaid with a reserve so impenetrable and stern that their resolves to approach frankly the forbidden subject of sorrow faded and evening found them once more on their knees asking for something which they already admitted to themselves could never be. From that day the pauses between prayers for the living and the dead perceptibly lengthened. Yet some impelling hidden resolve, some long-maintained desire that needed satisfaction still made it impossible for the suffering mother to yield to her unexpressed fears. Dennis told me afterward that they all knew that what troubled her most was anxiety lest the abnormal conditions of a life at sea had operated against Patrick's performance of his religious obligations. And to the uncertainties of his life had been coupled his own unsystematic habits of nature. This more than anything probably drove her on into this unwillingness to accept as certain anything tragic in his fate. Only once did she utter such a hint. "If only we could be sure," she had said quietly as she rose from her knees. She spoke more to herself than to those about her and she sighed, deeply and sorrowfully, as one does who is in mental distress. But she had immediately lighted a candle before the little statue of the Blessed Virgin and had gone to her room.

Not long after this a Mission started in a little French church just round the corner. The mornings were cold and bleak for it was mid-November. There was a moon then that still showed at dawn. I know how she must have looked, a little woman as they have told me, hurrying along the windy, empty streets under a moon that shone but faintly as the stars paled and wintry dawn fringed the east with light. Always when they tell the tale some one remembers that these were the nights of the full moon. Something inherent in the quiet hour, the pale light, the coming miracle of the Mass must have operated to increase in her the sense of something imminent. For it was evident to those about her that her will to believe was reaching the breaking point and that these days of the Mission were passed in some sort of suspended mental animation. That was how they described it to me. They had an unmistakable feeling that she was waiting for something to happen. It was in the very air it seemed.

And then it came, that answer to her prayers. How she must have poured her soul out in the confessional, have given details more specific and circumstantial than those who knew her dignity of reserve would have thought possible. The

pent-up tide of the hopes and fears of her emotional and spiritual need had flooded over her natural reticence and repression, till the whole story, to its smallest detail, had streamed from her anguished mind.

"Meet me at the back of the church after Mass," the priest had said, "I have news for you."

Later they sat there, when the lights had been extinguished and the early congregation had left the church. On side altars a few tapers were glimmering and the still gray light of an early winter's day sifted in thinly. How rigidly she must have knelt, how tensely stood, dazed and trance-like, in the preceding moments, while the last prayers were said and the priest left the altar!

"Be comforted," he said, sitting beside her in patient sympathy, "I heard your Patrick's confession and gave him Holy Communion the morning, over five years ago, when he sailed on the *Enterprise* from San Francisco."

He said it, this incomprehensible thing, as briefly and simply as that. Nor was it strange, for the circumstances had been unusual and he had remembered them well. Patrick had come before Mass to the rectory and had asked to go to confession. His mother would have wished it, he had said. And the details of his story had tallied exactly with hers. Even the name of the ship, the *Enterprise*, the priest had retained in memory, for her Captain had, as it happened, been his friend.

"And during all these years," he told her, "step by step, from town to town, wherever I have been sent to give Missions, I have been working steadily eastward, God's messenger, bringing His answer to your prayer."

She told no one. It was from the priest that they later learned the story. All day she sat alone, withdrawn, and it was apparent to those at home that something significant had happened. Still they were not wholly prepared for what occurred that evening at prayers. They scarcely knew what was going on, distrusted their own ears, when without the slightest trace of the customary hesitation she said quietly, "Let us recite the Rosary for the repose of dear Patrick's soul and for the souls of all our faithful departed."

She failed quickly after that. Premature senile dementia was what the doctors called it, and her mind wandered much in the memories of her Irish childhood and young motherhood. But one comfort she never lost, one security was never denied her. For through every vagueness and confusion of mind and memory, crystal clear and undimmed it came to her, the consolation of knowing that her fondest, most ardent prayers had been answered and that in His own good way God had brought dear Patrick safely home.

GREAT ENGLISH LETTER WRITERS

By William John Tucker

LADY MARY MONTAGU has left behind her a collection of letters remarkable for excellences of the most varied kind. Yet many of her letters are so natural and spontaneous, that it may seem inappropriate to treat her as belonging to an age when letter-writing was an art. A closer study of her correspondence will, however, considerably modify the impression which a first reading conveys. She is severely critical of the florid style of Pope and Bolingbroke; but she is at great pains to cultivate the style to which she herself gives the preference, and even hints that she has taken Addison for her model. In her letters to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, she speaks more frequently of herself and of her own opinions and tastes, than in the letters she addressed to her friends; and when she is writing about the education of her grandchildren, she frankly admits the trouble she had herself taken to acquire a facile pen.

Lady Mary owes her reputation chiefly to her letters from Constantinople. The picture of Eastern life and manners given in them is as correct as it is clear, animated, and striking; and they reveal not only wit and humor, but depth and sagacity conveyed in a perfectly delightful style. She has something of interest for each of her correspondents—the poem for Pope, the Sultanas for her sister, the religious discussions for her abbé. Altogether, it would be difficult to find a more spontaneous, sprightly and picturesque narrative of travel.

It is only natural to compare Lady Montagu's letters with those of Madame de Sévigné, but the comparison is even more strikingly a contrast. Lady Mary had none of that intense maternal affection for which the letters of the French lady are so remarkable. In wit and vivacity, in the power of describing a character or a scene, it is difficult to decide between them. Lady Mary's intellect was undoubtedly superior, and her education far wider. She could reason and draw inferences where Madame de Sévigné could only gossip, although very charmingly. She seems to have been incapable of appreciating such charming prattle, the truth with which home scenes are painted, and the manner in which the reader is made as it were a member of the family. Lady Mary considered this a violation of the rules of good taste; she thought there was not sufficient reserve, sufficient consciousness of the necessity so often felt and acted on in society, of keeping a distance even between those most intimately connected. Moreover, she found a lack of force in the artless letters of the French lady, and she felt a desire for something of the vigor and point that characterized her own style of writing.

It was Lady Montagu's aim to escape, in her letters, from all that was conventional and artificial; and her ability and industry enabled her to attain a style which leaves little to be desired. Besides the charm of their mere style—so clear, forcible, and easy, and yet so seldom inele-

gant; so perfectly natural and offhand, that it sounds oftener like the fresh, unfettered, unconscious utterance of genius in conversation, than what is called composition in the ordinary sense — they are full of brilliant insight, lively wit, and striking reflections. Unfortunately, they are sometimes disfigured by two defects—a coarseness of expression and indelicacy of sentiment bordering on the salacious, and a certain hardness and dryness of thought and feeling, though never of language. Occupied as she was with the pleasures of society at the gayest period of her life and the zenith of her power, she indulges in bold, scandalous anecdotes—more often amusing than delicate. And there is something which betrays the coolness and waywardness of disposition that led her to separate from her husband and her daughter, and spend the last twenty-two years of her life in solitude. But her letters are so perfect, they are so shrewd, so entertaining and graceful, that it seems almost unreasonable to wish them better. They rank high among the British classics; they have survived many revolutions in wit and taste, and more than one crisis in the progress of morals and manners. So long as familiar letters attract readers or aid the historians of public events or private manners, the correspondence of Lady Mary Montagu will survive.

The best and most characteristic of Lord Chesterfield's letters are unquestionably those to his son. In these famous letters he expounded the whole of his social and moral philosophy with great precision and frankness, for the benefit of the dull, deceitful, awkward youth whom he hoped to train into a diplomat and a statesman. It has been suggested that the Earl is sometimes soliloquizing when he pretends to be addressing his correspondent, and that he would have admitted, if hard pressed, that he himself was the imaginary object to whom those stately and graceful comments were directed. But whatever were his real feelings in addressing his disappointing son, it is clear that he never neglected to write in a style that should do himself justice. He never forgets that he is a great nobleman, he carefully avoids anything like the peevishness, the gossip, the littleness of some of his contemporaries. If we do not find his letters quite to our taste to-day, it is because we cannot now feel as the society of his day felt, and as he wished his son should feel. No impartial critic will deny that he deliberately kept himself and his select world up to the highest pitch compatible with the principles on which that society was based.

According to Chesterfield there are three sources of success in this world: knowledge, energy, and manners. But he emphasizes the importance and necessity of good manners. His letters have become famous on account of their careful treatment of this subject. He almost deified "the Graces." "Remember the Graces! I would have you sacrifice to the Graces!" by which he meant "the art of pleasing," which he again describes as "the art of rising, of distinguishing one's self, of making a figure and a fortune in the world." To be graceful in bodily movements, to be chivalrous and gallant, to deliver a witty speech, to be brilliant in repartee, to make a fine impression—these are the essential marks of a gentleman.

Had Chesterfield stopped here, the whole world would have admired and applauded him. But, unfortunately, he saw fit to give his son additional advice unworthy of a wise and discreet father—not to be too scrupulous about the moral law. In order to "get on" in the world, to be able to outwit others, and to secure the favor of the great, the young man is told to employ flattery, dissimulation, and "to angle for praise." A man who set so low an estimate upon morality could easily write: "As to the moral virtues, I say nothing to you. I don't speak of religion, I am not in a position to do so; the excellent Mr. Harte will do that."

This extraordinary advice, recommending the pursuit of elegant manners and accomplishments at the expense of morality, or, at least, with the most economical use of virtue, provoked Johnson's criticism that the letters of Chesterfield taught "the morals of a prostitute and the manners of a dancing master." While the denunciation may be attributed in part to its author's bitter reminiscence of his previous dealings with the Earl, it has never been forgotten. Yet Johnson added: "Take out the immorality, and it should be put into the hands of every young gentleman." But it is clear that Chesterfield was so morally obtuse that he did not see anything wrong with his advice to his son, for there are few things that he emphasizes more than the need of what he calls virtue and purity of character, though the motive assigned is not always the highest. "There is nothing," he says, "so delicate as your moral character, and nothing which it is your interest so much to preserve pure." Wholesome advice, no doubt, but quite incompatible with the "gallantries" and "arrangements" he almost as often suggested to his son. The explanation of the inconsistency seems to be that the solid, moral foundation, on which the character he sought to form ought to have been built, was unknown to Chesterfield. "At the root of all," writes his kinsman and editor, Lord Mahon, "lay a looseness of religious principle."

Readers of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* will remember the various illustrations which it gives of Johnson's ability as a letter-writer. They may recall, for example, the celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield; the tender condolence with James Elphinston on his mother's death; the "polite and urbane" letter to Charles Burney; the courteous but pointed rebuke to a mother who had importuned him to "solicit a great man to whom he had never spoken, for a young person whom he had never seen, upon a supposition which he had no means of knowing to be true"; the noble indignation expressed to his friend William Drummond against an attempt to impede the translation of the Bible into Gaelic; the sternly defiant acknowledgment of Macpherson's "foolish and impudent letter"; the sadly significant announcement to his landlord that it had "pleased God to deprive him of the power of speech"; the irrepressible cry for sympathy, "O my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful," followed almost instantly by two such sentences as "Let us learn to derive our hope only from God—in the meantime let us be kind to one another"; and the reply to his little grandchild's "pretty letter," with the closing advice "that through your life you will carefully

say your prayers and read your Bible."

As a letter-writer Johnson has considerable merits. He wrote in two styles. One was monumental —more suggestive of the chisel than the pen. In the other there are traces of the same style, but it has grown domesticated, and become the fit vehicle of plain tidings of joy and sorrow—of affection, wit, and fancy. From the letters to Mrs. Thrale many good examples of the domesticated style might be selected. The letter to Lord Chesterfield is the most celebrated example of the monumental style. For studious irony and reticent indignation it is without parallel in English literature.

Chesterfield had sneered at Johnson, at his ungainly figure, at the uncourtly manners which knew no distinction between superiors and inferiors. But now the noble Earl, the cynical man of the world, whose highest philosophy was that of Bacon and Machiavelli, had not a word to say in reply. The pretensions of the patron were dealt an unanswerable blow by this dignified and crushing rebuke, in splendidly balanced and unmistakable English. The trumpet-call was blown to all literary men to come forth before the public in their own right, to stand in their own strength and declare the dignity of the author's profession. Henceforth, for nearly thirty years, Johnson reigned supreme among the intellectuals of his time.

Whatever may be thought of Horace Walpole's other works, his letters are deserving of generous commendation. They are full of pleasantry, and are written with admirable neatness and sprightliness. They are a valuable source of historical information for a time with respect to which information is not abundant; and their liveliness, their point, wit, malice, gossip, and store of anecdote make them fascinating reading. Walpole deliberately laid himself out to be the letter-writer of the day. He aimed at delighting, amusing and satisfying that portion of the fashionable world with which he was acquainted. Letter-writing in his hands became the written voice of the gay world, and of the most educated and witty of its members. He studied the French models, he collected stories, he noted the whims, he treasured the oddities, and garnered the follies of his contemporaries. It is not the highest things that attract him, but we may well be astonished at the number of lesser things to which he has given the dazzle of life. His letters do not elevate or inspire us towards any idealistic view of life; but they entertain us, and show us that fashionable society may alter its formalities, but does not change its essential characteristics from one century to another. As a man of the town, as a lover of wit and antithesis—of the sparkle of words—he is inimitable; in his taste for Gothic art and for medieval romance, he shows the ideals of the coming age; he only lacked its moral earnestness and sincerity.

The style of Walpole's letters was not the less natural because it was playful and discursive; because, instead of saying what he had to say in plain, direct language, he draws upon a fertile fancy and richly stored memory for allusions and illustrations which arrest attention and invest the commonest incidents with charm. If to be invariably read with pleasure be the object of style,

Walpole's must be pronounced matchless in its way. He has rarely been excelled in the art of making something out of nothing. For example, he treats such a commonplace subject as the weather with exquisite grace. Speaking of the English summer of 1784, he remarks: "The month of June, according to custom immemorial, is as cold as Christmas. I had a fire last night, and all my rosebuds, I believe, would have been very glad to sit by it." This is in Walpole's fanciful and often very happy manner. Perhaps he sometimes erred by striving to say common things in an uncommon way, and some of his conceits are naïve. Yet he frequently succeeds in being both pointed and fresh in phrase, and this is a reason why much of his writing is charming.

Let the critics say what they will, the letters of Walpole will outlive all the severity heaped upon him. The harsh things which have been written about him by such critics as Croker and Macaulay may be traced to disappointment with the man as he was and inability to make allowances for him. Leslie Stephen has pointed out how ready Macaulay was to conclude that a great letter-writer like Walpole, or an incomparable biographer like Boswell, must be at least half a fool. It is easy to say that a great writer was an inspired madman; but after this has been said, the question as to the constituents of the greatness remains unanswered.

The letters of Gray are a joy to every cultured mind. He wrote the majority of them from the calm retreat of a university college, but he had friends who mixed in the busy and the fashionable world, and he himself occasionally abandoned his retirement to experience the excitement of London. They reflect his manner of living. They are full of the wisdom which can only be attained by intercourse with society, and yet they bear constant witness to the dignified reserve of the literary recluse, and the grace and knowledge of the student and the philosopher.

Gray has almost every qualification for a letter-writer. He is grave and cheerful, humorous, learned, satirical, tender by turns, and he passes from one mood to another with consummate ease. Though he loved solitude and intrenched himself within the sacred ground of privacy, his letters reveal how much there was in his nature that was genial and even gay. He could write with a tender and manly pathos, and a depth of sympathizing affection, that dispel any idea of his melancholy being of a morbid and selfish cast. Nor are there wanting passages in his correspondence where his sense of the ludicrous, and his desire to interest the friend he is addressing, arouse him to delightful banter. In his letters we have all the good and none of the bad attending Gray's habits of composition. He relaxes his watchfulness over himself and his style, and is impelled by the very nature of his task to write with speed and to abandon himself to the impulse of the moment. But in the propriety of his language, in the restraint he exercises over his pen, and in the position of self-respect which he occupies towards his correspondent, it is not difficult to trace the habits of patience and even self-denial, which are so characteristic of his more studied compositions.

It has been said of Gray that he

never wrote a dull letter. Perhaps he has not more wit or sense or animal spirits than Horace Walpole, or Lady Montagu; but, with no lack of these qualities, he is a more sincere and reliable correspondent. His heart is in his letters and that cannot always be said of the pair just mentioned, any more than of Chesterfield, or Pope, or any other of the prominent letter-writers of the time. Swift is probably as genuine. Cowper certainly so; but the one had not his good nature, nor the other his strength or wit. "I once thought Swift's letters," says Cowper himself, "the best that could be written; but I like Gray's better. His humor, or his wit, or whatever it is to be called, is never ill-natured or offensive, and yet I think it equally poignant with the Dean's."

The average reader may not find Gray's letters so delightfully and unconsciously perfect as Cowper's; and it must be admitted that Gray had not Cowper's gift of retaining throughout life a child's intense pleasure in little things, which is one of the chief reasons that make Cowper's letters so complete and finished, and the charm of them at once so simple and enduring. But then, Cowper's lighter letters are the best of their kind; Gray need not fear comparison with anyone else. No one can deal with important questions in a more satisfying manner than he can; he has, besides, a great gift of description; he is full of the love of nature, especially of birds and flowers, which he studies with the careful watchfulness of a man of science, as well as with the love of a poet; notes on art and literature, often of rare insight and power, may be found at random in his correspondence; and then, there is the interest of his perpetual picture of himself and his friends, and what they thought and said and did.

The charm of Cowper's letters lies first of all in its naturalness and sincerity. He writes simply because he has something to say, or because he loves his correspondent, and has no idea of posing for effect. His letters are the simple statement of whatever he has in his mind; written in pure and beautiful English; full of the information and refined taste of a well-read man; overflowing now with humor, now with deep religious feeling. They are intensely interesting as materials for the biography of the writer, though here we need to be on our guard. The letters will sometimes give us a wrong impression if we forget Cowper's peculiar circumstances. We may read one written in terms of the deepest melancholy, and come to the conclusion that there was no sunshine in his life. That was not true. He set down on paper the sad thoughts of the moment, but he was also able to put such thoughts away by an effort, and to be bright and cheerful when the fit was over. His correspondence with Newton, for example, is nearly all of a gloomy character; not so that with his cousins, Lady Hesketh and John Johnson. His letters are far more than contributions towards his biography. The graceful affectionateness, the shrewd estimate of men and things, the genuine love of fun and appreciation of it in others, all contribute to make his correspondence delightful.

Cowper is essentially a humorist. His letters are models of polite fun —a fun as genuine and pleasurable as it is distinct from the wit of Walpole. It is the humorist who "welcomes peaceful evening in" with

stirred fire and closed curtains, and the urn steaming beside him; who finds his pleasure in peeping "through the loopholes of retreat at such a world" as the Babel around him; who lies awake at night convulsed with laughter over a friend's story. Scattered over his pages are vignettes of men and women as perfect in outline and tone as those of Addison. It is particularly in his social figures that he recalls for us the urbanity and precision of the great essayist. The group round the card-table, the chess-player with his "eye as fixed as marble," the art-connoisseur at an auction, are all masterpieces of good-natured humor. It is this humor that breaks out in Cowper's charming egotism. Much of his attraction lies in his autobiographic tone. He chats with us in the most delightful manner about his hares and his garden, his "fancies of strange images observed in the red embers" as he stoops over the fire, his friends and foes, his joys and sorrows.

Coleridge called Cowper's letters "divine chit-chat." They are written in the most beautiful English, and avoid with unfailing instinct the opposite dangers of affectation and vulgarity. Cowper excelled in investing the commonplace with tenderness and grace, and in rendering with fresh beauty the familiar scenes of everyday existence. The restraint, the easy lucidity of his prose are undeniable. It was the peculiar marvel of his position, the peculiar triumph of his epistolary powers, that from the seclusion of an insignificant country-town, he could find materials for letters so interesting, and so varied. He was not a leading figure in the world of fashion; he was not even a scholar or a man of letters with intellectual friends; still less had he traveled everywhere and been the talk of the world. Nearly all his letters are written upon the most ordinary subjects to the most ordinary people, and written either from Olney, which was certainly a very dull place, or from Weston Underwood, which cannot have been a very lively one. And yet no writer in the language has left so many letters likely to retain a permanent interest as Cowper. Without any extraneous claims on our interest, he became one of the best English letter-writers by simply not trying to become anything else.

CAPITALISTS, COLLEGES, AND COMMUNISM

By Dan W. Gilbert

ONE of the basic assumptions upon which most of the mental derelictions of serious-minded communists are founded is the attribution of almost Lucifer-like cunning to what they humbly call the "American ruling class." Indeed, this idea that American capitalists are super-strategists is the base upon which nightmares of fascism are builded. Curiously enough, our "intellectuals" and ultra-liberals, our Parlor Pinks, as well as our outright communists, are doomed to nightmarish dreams and hysterical outbursts by the thought of the "lords of American life" who are supposed to be plotting and planning a fascist America. This towering respect for "upper class" sagacity seems to be common to all varieties of radicals—the Technocrats and Techno-taxers, Utopians and Epics, socialists and communists.

While I think it is a demonstrable mistake to attribute either great cunning or deep-laid strategy or fascist intentions to our American business men, it is no doubt true that the future of our nation depends to a considerable degree upon the attitude and activities of "men of means." Some one has said that all revolutions are made by the upper middle class—communist revolutions are the result of their stupidity and fascist revolutions are derived from their sagacity. If that proposition be accepted, I think it is plain that we are more in danger of a communist than a fascist revolution. Certainly, our capitalists are showing more stupidity than sagacity. Whether their stupidity is a result of their *inability* or of their *refusal* to face the situation in America to-day, I shall not endeavor to say. I only know that they are *not* facing it. They are ignoring and even, blindly or fatuously, financing the very forces and activities which are making for communism in the United States.

Our great secular universities are largely supported by business men—through taxation, endowments, or both. That they should be hotbeds of radical propaganda seems extraordinary. That American business men who largely support them should accept, virtually without protest, this condition is still more extraordinary. It is true that our business men, from time to time, show concern over professors who outrightly advocate revolution or too persistently propagandize for extensive public ownership. But they seem entirely unconcerned over the much more extensive and intensive teaching of materialism and immorality. And this brings us to the crowning evidence of the "dumbness" of many of our capitalists—they do not understand that communism is a war against the home and against religion, as well as against private property! Nor do they realize that the undermining of the moral and religious principles and ideals of the American people will bring red revolution faster than all the bombs, actual and metaphorical, which any number of agitators could place under private property.

Recently, I addressed a group of business men on the subject of communism in our colleges. Naturally, I stressed the worst phases of it: the assault on the home and on religion. Afterwards, the chairman said it was all very interesting but he still didn't understand what the "New Morality" and free-love had to do with communism! On another occasion, I addressed a women's group along the same lines. One of the women, herself mother of a girl of college age, expressed disappointment, saying that she had hoped to hear something about "revolutionary activities" in the colleges! Recently, the school board of one of our large western cities voted to deny the use of the school auditoriums to any meeting in which "subversive" doctrines were advocated. Shortly thereafter, a radical meeting was held in one of the school auditoriums; the speaker ridiculed religion, blasphemed Jesus Christ, and openly approved the atheist activities going on in Soviet Russia. A formal protest was lodged with the school board; the board was requested to deny future use of the school auditoriums to this radical group and to this radical speaker. One of the officials of the school board replied to the protest by saying that anti-religious utterances were not proscribed by the board's banning of "subversive" doctrines! He invited the lodgers of the protest to come back again if they should uncover anything of a "definitely communistic character." It is generally understood that the radical organizations which wish to continue using the school auditoriums for their meetings will hereafter center their attack on the home and on religion, leaving capitalism, as such, alone.

It would seem that this is the strategy widely in use by the communistic professoriat in our colleges. They are concentrating their fire on the home and on religion. That they are making more converts to loose-living and to irreligion than they are recruits to the Communist Party is evident. Leading a riot or an insurrection is a much less exciting and a more laborious task—young people consider it far less "fun"—than living the "New Morality." It is easier to enlist students to do the latter than the former; and for this reason, professors who advocate the "New Morality" are more dangerous and more pernicious than are teachers of red revolution. It is an indictment of the intelligence of our middle class that it does not recognize so patent a proposition.

If anyone construes this discussion as an argument in favor of capitalists' "cracking down," through the power of wealth, upon American education, let me hasten to assure him that he is mistaken. I do not think it stupid of business men for refraining from trying to do this; rather, I think it stupid of them for *not* refraining from doing it. Whenever business men have concerned themselves with education, it has been in a narrow self-interested spirit; it has been in an endeavor to "crack down" on some professor who militantly champions municipal ownership, for instance! It has not, as a rule, been in a patriotic spirit. The capitalists' activity, largely, has been motivated by concern for their own interests rather than concern for the moral and spiritual welfare of youth. This, of course, is not an attitude peculiar to business men. The rank and file of all classes share it. They show

justifiable concern when a professor advocates doctrines which strike at the security of their jobs and their savings. But they manifest unjustifiable unconcern when a professor lowers the moral idealism of his students through his advocacy and indoctrination of the "New Morality."

The harm which a professor of red revolution does is partly problematical. Despite his preachings, the revolution may never come. But the professor who inculcates free-love does his damage here and now. He causes revolutions in the lives of students rather than in the life of the government. He cannot be dismissed as "harmless" by calling to mind the easy assumption, "O, well, let him talk and teach—he and his kind can never produce a revolution here." Yet, virtually nothing is being done to thwart this most dangerous type of professor, to eject him from our secular universities, despite the fact that he is a menace to every form of stable society. One need not be friendly to capitalism, or any phase of it, to recognize the anti-moral professor as a public enemy. Just as the capitalist is mistaken who thinks private property may endure even though morality and religion disappear, so the social reformer is mistaken who thinks a new form of social and economic organization can succeed if morality and religion are permitted to pass away, along with capitalism. Morality and religion are related to our present economic and social system *only* in the way that they are related to any stable organization of society. They are the basis of any and all civilized systems and orders of human existence. The Marxist is mistaken when he declares that the home is based on private property. The fact of the matter is that private property grows out of family life. Destroy the home and private property will die out. Destroy private property, but keep the home intact, and the institution of private property will be re-created by its spring and source, family life.

Again, perhaps, I should state that I do not mean that capitalists should subsidize a smug campaign in defense of God and home. They have done enough of this already—with the evil results which always flow from hypocrisy. What I do mean is that they should *understand* what communism is and they should *understand* what Americanism is. They should not try to save private property under the guise of a defense of religion and family life; they should first understand that there is a real relationship between religious ideals and any form of stable society. They should not "save" capitalism in the name of Christianity, and then go right on assuming that capitalism is self-sufficient and that the assault on Christianity means nothing to them. The communists encourage, and view with approbation, the decline of religion and the rise of immorality among youth. For the most part, the capitalists view this with indifference. If they do take cognizance of it at all, they do so with a different part of their mind from that with which they become alarmed over communism. The breakdown of morality is to be viewed from the standpoint of supine sentimentality and helpless emotionalism, not from the common sense, determined standpoint from which other revolutionary advances—such as riots and socialistic legislation—are viewed! It is

too bad that young people go morally astray, or are *led* that way, but what has that to do with the business of securing economic advantage, and of maintaining it once it is secured?

I am rather inclined to believe that the menace of conscienceless capitalism, as well as the menace of communism, derives largely from this blindness and lack of comprehension on the part of our upper middle class. The abuses of capitalism are largely products of this unintelligent attitude on the part of many business men. They do not understand that morality and the home lie at the base of any sound organization of economic existence; they do not realize that any assault on them is a threat to the security of private property. If they did realize this, they would understand that the anti-moral professor is more dangerous than the violent revolutionary. But they would also understand that working conditions and low wages which put obstacles in the way of marriage and home life for the young are themselves promoters of communism. They would understand that their indifference to the security of the home is as potent a threat to the security of private property as is the militant anti-morality of the communists. In a word, if business men understood that the attack on the home is the most potent offensive of the communists, they would realize that defense of the home is the best defense of Americans and Americanism. And the home cannot be defended by glowing phrases alone; the best defense of it consists of an economic existence for the common people which encourages and upholds it.

After all, it is not a foregone conclusion, as our Marxist interpreters would have us believe, that as communism increasingly threatens the structure of American society, the capitalists will subsidize a fascist movement. If they are brought thoroughly to understand the situation, the probabilities are that they will not. Fascism—dictatorship—is, of course, one way of meeting the communist threat to the existing order. But there is another way—a better and surer way—of meeting it. That is to build up the home life and the moral and religious ideals of the rank and file of American citizenry. To counteract the apostles of collectivism, the Marxist prophets tell us that the capitalists will endow chairs of fascism in our universities. Possibly. But there is another way. The business men of America might join with all loyal citizens and oust the subversive professors—and then concentrate on making possible a reassertion of the spirit of true Americanism. The business men might choose to fight communism with spiritual rather than material forces. They might concentrate on insuring the kind of economic existence for the masses out of which will spring renewed confidence in American institutions. They might help in expelling the subversive professors from our schools and colleges—and then, through the natural course of events, let teachers of old-fashioned Americanism take their places. They might answer the challenge of communism, not with concentration camps, but with an application of the principles of Christianity. After all, capitalism may choose not to go fascist; it may choose not to be superseded by communism. It may prefer to go Christian.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

THERE is one illustration of the value of the constant renewal of society from the bottom that has always interested me profoundly. The only reason why government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic system which then prevailed was that so many of the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the church,—from that great religious body which was then the only church, that body which we now distinguish from other religious bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church was then, as it is now, a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, and no priest so obscure that he might not become Pope of Christendom; and every chancellery in Europe, every court in Europe, was ruled by these learned, trained and accomplished men,—the priesthood of that great and dominant body. What kept government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of the sap from the bottom, from the rank and file of the great body of the people through the open channels of the priesthood.

—Woodrow Wilson, *The New Freedom.*

The greatest pall on the South is the bitterness of the race question. . . . The race issue has corrupted the whole Christian Church. . . . The Negro represents in his Afro-American transfer probably the most complete jump from one culture to another of any large group in all history. His achievements are the more remarkable in that he has had to make that tremendous shift in civilization without sympathetic aid. . . . It is often argued that we cannot afford more schools for the Negroes. I say . . . that we cannot afford not to provide education for the entire people.

—E. R. Embree, *The American Scholar*, Summer.

Considered from the point of view of social morals the use of sex appeal for sales appeal must rank (objectively considered) somewhere near the wholesale poisoning of reservoirs in order to bring off a Stock Exchange gamble on a rise in mineral water shares. For the promotion of sales by manipulating minds in ways utterly unrelated to the nature and quality of the goods or to the needs of the community is, considered objectively, on much the same moral plane as manipulating shares without regard to their real industrial basis. And the poisoning of minds is fully as evil as the poisoning of bodies.

—Michael, in the *Catholic Herald* (London), July 10th.

I do not advocate violent uprising, but I predict it—unless. Unless the prevailing, stupid collective blindness ceases, in writers among others. Unless artists, among others, quit saying public affairs are after all none of their concern. Unless the smug abandon the cheerful indifference of "But America is different; it can't happen *here*." Unless the so-called liberals and progressives in politics—and no less in eco-

nomic and literary living — can achieve some degree of unity on some militant (not military) program. Unless more of our most literate citizens cease to be economic and social illiterates. Mad youth need not follow the pipings of a Hitler if other leadership develops soon enough and strongly enough. It is not the business of a writer necessarily to be precinct committeeman. It is not his business to be an expert on politics, economics, history, or sociology. But, if only for his writing's sake, he must at least not remain totally ignorant as an economic and political citizen if the life which nourishes his writing is to have what fullness he can achieve for it.

—Roland A. White, in *American Prefaces*, Summer.

There is no real sense of crisis in the United States. . . . Our problems are important and urgent, but of a different order and of another degree of urgency [from those in Europe]. Here the government has alternatives, safe margins for mistakes; in Europe a mistake may bring on war or revolution. . . . The national intelligence can answer, if it will, the questions bewildering America. It is stupid to make work with spades for idle millions in a country where machines stand idle. It is irrational that these millions should be scantily fed, poorly clothed and primitively housed where there is too much of everything they need. There come times when the mind of a nation has to move to strengthen and modernize the machinery it uses for government if it desires the original mechanism to work under new speeds and new leads. These problems, I say, a national intelligence can solve. Europe's problems are soluble only by an international intelligence, and that makes all the difference.

—Anne O'Hare McCormick, in *The New York Times Magazine*, August 2d.

A great weakness of the Nazi cult is its utter lack of a sense of the ridiculous. You might say, too, that this lack is a great source of strength, for if there were any humor in the Nazi system it would have rejected much of its credo as too foolish for the minds of intelligent people. But having no eye for the ludicrous, the Nazis frequently make themselves absurd in the eyes of normal human beings—and never more so than when their Cæsar flees abruptly to escape the embarrassment occasioned . . . when two Afro-Americans win the Olympic high jump—a spectacular blow to that article of the Nazi faith which decrees the supremacy of the Aryan.

—Westbrook Pegler, in the *World-Telegram*, August 4th.

It is a fact that the years since 1914 have been full of jazz. They have also witnessed a greater destruction of human life than anything recorded since the Thirty Years War three hundred years ago. They have witnessed the greatest collapse of institutions since the French Revolution. They have been years of vast social and political travail and years of an enormous vogue in sport. Many thousands of books have been written entitled Whither Europe? or Whither Humanity? One perfectly valid answer would be that Europe and Humanity are on their way to the soccer field and the baseball field and the cycling club and the rowing club and the mountain climbing. Or else they are on their

way to the dance palaces where the jazz bands play. Or else they are on their way to the movies. Unprecedented unemployment goes hand in hand with unprecedented crowds at the horse races and dog races and football fields and gymnastic exhibitions. Humanity stands at the crossroads dressed in shorts.

—*The New York Times*, August 2d.

If every Christian has an intellectual grasp and a living interest in his religion, it will be impossible to suppress Christianity, even in a Communist state.

—Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State* (Sheed & Ward).

No one can have followed the development of higher education in America without becoming aware of the movement toward secularism. . . . Two generations ago college education was still very largely religiously motivated and the student was reminded not only through compulsory chapel attendance but by the character of the instruction in philosophy, history and literature, that religion was the central interest of many and that this country . . . was a Christian country; that is no longer true today. . . . We have the anomaly of colleges and universities in a country which has been formed under a Christian tradition, turning out men and women who are as ignorant of that tradition as if they had been born in India or in the islands of the sea.

—William Adams Brown, in *The American Scholar*, Summer.

Is it far-fetched to correlate the distrust of intellectual procedure (and consequent revival of all sorts of ancient superstitions) with the growing bigotry, intolerance and remarkable resurgence of faith in violence? Avowed faith in violence has seldom before raised its head so high among educated men, or led them to such contempt for free parliamentary discussion and to such readiness to suppress contrary opinion by arbitrary force and dictatorial power.

—Morris Cohen, *Reason and Nature* (Harcourt, Brace).

It is true that man can, by means of machinery, transport his body or his correspondence faster than legs can carry them. By other more or less mechanical devices he can get more words on to paper, or more orders to his brokers. But mechanical appendages to his body do not enable him to do a greater amount of fundamental thinking or to understand more even if he knows more. . . . A lot of quiet thinking is often done while walking to an appointment or while the hand is tracing out words on paper. Deliver yourself over to a motor car or a stenographer and the next interview or the next sentence is on top of you before you are on top of it. . . . You are in a state of tension all the time because your outward activities are running at a different rate to your fundamental bodily and mental processes. And tension due to hurry is almost as bad for thought as it is for prayer. That is one reason why the man who has made his pile by saving time is mentally incapable of anything but killing time afterwards.

—Michael, in the *Catholic Herald* (London), July 17th.

By a curious irony of events, the seizure of Church properties [in Spain] is regarded with equanimity, if not approval, by many individuals, but the seizure of automobile plants becomes a cause for alarm. —*Catholic News*, August 8th.

PHILOSOPHY LOOKS AT LIFE

By John F. McCormick, S.J.

IF we had mere animal minds, we might live our lives without any attempt to coördinate them, taking the incidents of life one after another just as they occurred, but in no sense seeking to correlate them or to inquire into their meaning or their value for the whole of life. But our human intelligence does not tolerate such a carefree mode of living. It has the need of seeing things in their relations and of evaluating them in the light of what we think the meaning of life is. That is why we cannot live human lives satisfactorily without a philosophy.

When we think of philosophy, we represent it, perhaps, as some systematized world-view associated with the name of some one we call a philosopher, or with some period in the history of human thought. But it need not be just that. Philosophy considers the particular and the immediate in the light of the universal and the ultimate, and if we have our lives thought out on such a plan, we have a philosophy, no matter how deficient we may be in the learning of the schools. For the ordinary man this function of fitting the incidents of life onto a plan of life is probably performed by his religion, or, if he is without religious belief of any settled kind, as so many seem to be at the present day, then by his accepted code of morality, which in its turn has, of course, a religious foundation, though he has forgotten it. But once we have made the acquaintance of formal philosophy and have gained some appreciation of its importance in other matters, we can no longer afford to be indifferent to the judgment systematic philosophy would pass on our lives as we lead them.

Unfortunately philosophy is not one, but divided against itself; and philosophers will not answer with any unanimity when we question them. And yet on one point, I think, you will find them mostly in agreement. If you put to them the question: What is human life for? with some dissenting answers from the less important ones, their reply would be: The end of human life is happiness. Perhaps this is as far as the unanimity would go. If you put the further question (as you would have the right to do): What is happiness? the answer, I must admit, would be a discord. They might agree that happiness is the attainment of the supreme good of life; but they are not at one in stating what the supreme good of life is. Call the roll of the greater ones, beginning with Socrates, for Socrates was said to have been the first to bring philosophy down from heaven. Socrates was the most approachable of men, but he would answer our question by questioning us and leading us to admit that the highest good was virtue. Plato, the greatest of his disciples and the one who reached the peak of merely human thought, would tell us that it was to be made like to God. Aristotle, the master of those who think, would tell us to find the highest good in the life of contemplation. A lesser light like Aristipus

would say it is pleasure, while Antisthenes and Diogenes the Cynic would insist that there is no other good than virtue. Later on Epicurus would repeat the answer: Pleasure is the highest good; but he would be countered by the stern voice of Zeno the Stoic telling us that the good of life consists in living conformably to nature, or to reason, which for him is the same thing. And then with a smile that was half pity and half contempt the Sceptic who always trails after the greater philosophers would assure us that the good of life is to be found in that quiet of mind that comes to one when one realizes that the search for truth is vain and gives it up. When faith came to the aid of philosophy in Christian times, St. Augustine would offer the answer that it is the attainment of God through love of God, and St. Thomas, an intellectualist always and Aristotelian in his thinking, though his faith showed him how to go beyond Aristotle, would tell us that the highest good is indeed contemplation, but for him contemplation would mean, what it could not have meant for Aristotle, the face to face vision of God. And finally as spokesman for an age that had mostly lost its faith, Kant would bring us back to the sternly stoical concept of duty as the highest good of man.

And if the moderns have appeared to receive scant consideration in this roll call, it is not because they are underestimated, but because the ancients have so preoccupied all the available positions that the modern answers are necessarily repetitions. We are Platonists to-day or Aristotelians or hedonists or stoics, Augustinians or Thomists. Maybe the terms mean something different to us than they meant to those who first used them, but even if we employ our terms with a difference, we are still thinking in their forms of thought. In philosophy modern discoveries are revivals of what has been forgotten. Ages of progress in thought are called renaissances, rebirths of what had lived and died. Wisdom is the phœnix that rises ever young from its own ashes. Revolution, as the lamented G. K. Chesterton said, is always a going back to some good that had been lost.

But as we review the ancient wisdom and its modern repetitions, there is one thing that should stand out in all this discordance. Philosophers, albeit they profess to be lovers of wisdom, have been guilty of much foolish thinking and more foolish speaking. Yet this, at least, we can say for them: no one of them ever attained the supreme folly of thinking or saying that the good of human life could consist in the accumulation of material things or in straining every nerve to live as long as possible in the possession of the greatest possible amount of material wealth. Now here is a strange and somewhat disconcerting thing, though at the same time a thing rather flattering to the intelligence of the philosophers. Throughout the ages they had around them the spectacle of the majority of men immersed in the pursuit of wealth as if this were the only good of life. Yet the sureness of their vision was not shaken by the sight. They saw clearly and unwaveringly that material wealth is only a means to the acquiring of higher goods and that the possession of it cannot constitute human happiness. On this point at least they have not betrayed the truth.

It might be a thing worth doing if we could take a philosopher into our confidence and show him our lives to see what verdict he would pass on them. I do not think I should want a modern philosopher for this business. His kind are too knowing and too sophisticated. I am afraid they would be showing us their superior wisdom rather than allowing us to show them our lives. And I would not want Diogenes the Cynic. He would have nothing but contempt for our folly and would be altogether out of sympathy with our aims. But I should not mind having Socrates along. He did not profess to know anything and so would not be likely to try to tell us anything. But he would be interested in what we had to say and what we wanted to show him. And he would ask no end of questions. He always did want to find out what the end of life was and what the ends were and the purposes that men were working for. And the result of his questionings would be that he would provoke thought in us and bring us to a recognition of our own unwisdom.

If we took him along with us to view our lives, naturally we should want to show him first of all the side of our lives that was most strikingly different from life as he knew it. This would be the side, too, that we pride ourselves most on—our material progress. And so, without more ado, let us assume that we have him standing with us before the Wrigley building.

By the dog, he would say (that was one of his favorite expletives), that is indeed a noble temple. To what god or goddess, I pray, is it dedicated?

Somewhat embarrassed we would hasten to explain that of course it had nothing to do with religion; that it was not dedicated to any god or goddess, but to—we were going to say, chewing gum, but that would take too long to explain to him—so instead we said, it is dedicated to industry, the making of material things, and commerce, you know, buying and selling and all that. So we might hope to make it clear to his simpler mind.

By Zeus, then, he would answer, if your buildings for commerce are so grand and tall, your temples must be grander and taller.

More embarrassment. But we get him to understand after a time that once the church spires did overtop everything else in the city, but that was before the time of our great material progress.

But does that mean, he would persist, that you consider commerce more important than religion that you build for it so much more grandly? Or have you gone over from religion to commerce?

How could one answer questions like that? In our own hearts we know the inappropriateness of our temples of trade to what they stand for, and if we did not know it, one of our contemporaries would tell us:

"There is no real dignity in buying and selling. The market place of poles and canvas is their proper and decent housing. In such a panoply chaffering wears appropriate weeds and may effect appropriate gaiety, but the architecture of temples and palaces is preposterous and misleading" (Eric Gill: *Art*, p. 87).

But being on the defensive now we have to find some answer. Of course, Socrates, when we speak of

religion, we always mention it as among the higher interests of life. But really, how could we maintain this great material progress if we did not devote the major portion of our time and energy to the things that make for such progress? And how would men know that we were so prosperous if we did not spread out our wealth in adorning the monuments to our prosperity? Surely, Socrates, you must see that.

Yes, I see that, he would answer, but are not the things we cherish the things we embellish? Are not the things we work for our masters? And how then are we lords of the world if we are slaves to materials things?

But even in his irony Socrates could make allowance and come to the relief of those his questionings had embarrassed. It would be out of character for him to teach us in his own person, but he was not beyond falling back on the authority of another for a bit of dogmatism. And so to save the situation he would have this discourse in reserve.

There was a wise woman, Diotima, who once instructed me in love, as Plato, my disciple, has told you. But another discourse of hers which Plato had not heard of I will relate to you if you will.

You must know, Socrates, she said, that when we set up the ultimate end as the good of life in the possession of which human happiness is to be secured, we need not deny that there are other goods besides. Only it must remembered that one good alone can be the absolute good, and that is the ultimate end. All other goods have only a relative goodness, a goodness relative to the ultimate end. Outside this relation they are merely indifferent so far as the purposes of life are concerned. This means that, provided happiness — the ultimate end—is secured, it is a matter of indifference whether it is secured through the possession or the lack of pleasure or wealth or health or other goods. These things, to put it in another way, are means, and means are good only in relation to their ends.

Once, then, the ultimate end of life is established and settled on, all other things fall into their places in the category of means. To take them out of their places and set them up as ends would evidently be to violate the first principle of any philosophy of life. Of course it may seem that this is an ascetic ideal, but reason can set up no other. There is no other way in which an integration of life can be established except this way of admitting one supreme ideal of life which by dominating the whole of life imparts to it its unity. To have many unsubordinated ends is to be at loose ends so far as character and life are concerned. There is no escape from this minimum of asceticism in an ordered life. The ultimate end must dominate it and control the entrance of everything else into it.

There is one other aspect of human nature and of man's relations to the rest of reality that must be taken into account when we look with critical eyes on life. That is the fact of man's dependence. Man has not the whole of his good in himself, but must seek it outside of himself. He is therefore dependent on those things outside of himself from which his good is to come to him. Now it is in his ultimate end that his essential and indispensable good is to be found, and for this rea-

son his dependence on that ultimate end is absolute. Other things being only means, so far as he is concerned, are good for him only relatively and conditionally. Hence his dependence on them is not absolute, but only relative and conditional.

And so it is within our power to increase or diminish our dependence on things outside ourselves and so to make ourselves more or less free. Yet to a large extent men are seeking their happiness by adding to their dependence on things, especially material things. Their lives are made up mostly of labor to get and keep such things, not realizing that the things we work for are our masters and we serve them; and not understanding that true freedom consists in independence of things outside ourselves. Of course, God alone can be supremely free, because He alone has no need of anything that is not Himself. But though man cannot entirely shake himself loose from the chains of his dependence, yet it is within his power to recognize that freedom is godlike and that he is the more godlike the freer he is and the less dependent on what is not himself. Some philosophers will recognize this, like Diogenes the Cynic, and cease to strive after material things. And if we look forward into the seeds of time, using our privilege as disembodied spirits, we may see another, not usually counted among the philosophers, St. Francis of Assisi, who sought the freedom of the sons of God in the abdication of all that was earthly. But most men are always intent on increasing their dependence and so growing further and further away from the divine similitude. We labor for what we love, and what we love imprints its likeness on us. If we love what is of earth, we are made in its image—earthly.

By this time Diotima was beginning to be a bit tiresome, and so we interrupt the discourse to intimate to Socrates that she was setting up an other-worldly ideal. How can you expect, Socrates, that with other-worldly ideals we could be interested in trying to make this world a better place to live in?

But does it need to be made a better place to live in, he would ask.

Yes, Socrates, for especially just now it is in a parlous state. You see we have not yet recovered from a war we had a few years ago. We thought it was a war to end war and make the world safe for democracy. But on more sober thought we have begun to suspect that it was a war for commercial advantages and world-markets and sources of wealth such as coal and iron and oil.

And was it the other-worldly people who brought your world into this mess? Were they the ones who were greedy for world-markets and for coal and iron and the thing you call oil?

Well, no, Socrates, we cannot blame them for that.

Then it must have been the people with this-worldly ideals. I wonder if your world would be in a worse state if the people with other-worldly ideals had been in control.

Well, Socrates, you have caught us there. And now that you have made us reflect on it, perhaps we ought to admit that we have been giving material things too important and too exclusive a place in our lives. You see, so much of the progress of our civilization has been along material lines that material wealth did grow to seem the only worthy object of desire. And so what to you seems so evident may

have escaped us. We mean your saying that material things can never be more than means to the attainment of the goal of life, and that the desire of them and the pursuit of them should be subordinated to the main end of life. And indeed one of our own philosophers did administer a rebuke to us in this matter not so many years ago. It was William James, and if you like, we could show you what he said.

You know, answered Socrates, I used to administer rebukes to the Athenians because I saw them intent merely on the goods of the present and refusing to take care of their souls. And they made me drink hemlock for doing it. Surely I would like to hear what your philosopher had to say. But tell me first, did you condemn him to die too?

No, Socrates, we did not take him seriously enough for that. We just went on being prosperous. But here is his rebuke:

"Among our English-speaking people especially do the praises of poverty need once more to be boldly sung. We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise anyone who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. If he does not join in the general scramble and pant with the money-making street, we deem him spiritless and lacking in ambition. We have lost the power even of imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant: the liberation from material attachments; the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference; the paying our way by what we are and do, and not by what we have; the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly—the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape. When we of the so-called better classes are scared, as men were never scared in history, at material ugliness and hardship, when we put off marriage until our house can be artistic, and quake at the thought of having a child without a bank account and doomed to manual labor, it is time for thinking men to protest against so unmanly and so irreligious a state of opinion. . . . I recommend this matter to your serious pondering, for it is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers" (*Varieties of Religious Experience*, 366).

And he might have added, if he were writing to-day, that going along with this fear to be poor is a cringing fear of death and a clinging to life that is almost pathetic. Yet so it is; one of the outstanding characteristics of our modern life is the anxiety to prolong life and to prevent births, lest the enjoyment of material wealth should be in any way curtailed. And yet, ironically enough, the whole fabric of material civilization is in more peril today than at any time since the Roman empire crumbled under the pressure of the invasion of the northern tribes.

Does it seem then, Socrates would ask, that the possession of material goods can assure happiness after all? And might it not be wiser to look for happiness in some other way?

So our experience would seem to show us, Socrates. But material things do offer present enjoyment and we mistake that for happiness until we have tried it out and have found it wanting. Besides, most of

us seem to find it hard to see the wisdom of sacrificing the present for the future, especially since some of our wise men—you, I think, would call them sophists, Socrates, —try to persuade us that there is no future to build hopes upon.

And what compensation do they offer you for the future they are taking from you?

Very little, we must admit, Socrates. Indeed their creed reads very much like a preaching of the ultimate frustration of all hopes and the final defeat of all efforts. There is one of them who is much listened to these days—they call him Bertrand Russell—who pictures human life and what is before it in hopeless terms like these:

"Brief and powerless is man's life; on him and all his race the slow sure doom falls pitiless and fast. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for man condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate him for a moment, and his condemnation to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power" (*A Free Man's Worship*).

And will people in your age of progress accept that picture of life and its ultimate value?

It seems so, Socrates, for you see the critics all say he is a great man, and nowadays we believe that what a great man says must somehow be true.

And has he, then, found out something about the value of life which the wise men before him did not know?

Really he does not tell us. But he says that all is just matter—omnipotent matter he calls it, and we do not know how he found out it was omnipotent. We do not know how he knows these things, but he is scientific, and if you are scientific, the critics will acclaim you and the multitude will be afraid not to believe you.

That is freedom of thought, Socrates, to be scientific and not to dare to believe anything that is not stamped scientific.

Then I am glad I never had any wisdom, Socrates would say. Besides I seem to be getting all mixed up, and had better go back and talk with Homer and Parmenides. I can understand them.

BREAD

By Anna McClure Sholl

THE chorus swelled to happy, confident discords. The guests were now floating on the rosy seas of release from the dominant problem. Richard Gay, in whose honor the dinner had been given, sat at the head of the table, smiling, but scarcely aware of the tumult, his spirit already in the studios of Rome. He would miss them all—the darlings! He would miss Babette and Tom whose munificence had provided this farewell feast.

Voices were shaking the rafters—represented by trellised roses on the ceiling of Tony Scaprelli's basement dining-room;

"He never will come home,
Oh, he never will come home!
We have lost our darling Dickie,
He has won the Prix de Rome."

The author of this magnificent verse was beating the table with his fists until the glasses of Tony's sour chianti shifted like dancers about to begin a grand march.

Prix de Rome! The very words held magic. How wonderful if Babette and Tom could sail with him!—these closest friends who had always told him he would some day hit the bull's-eye; who had invited him again and again to share their scanty suppers when they knew his purse was flat.

How pretty Babette looked tonight—a little too thin, perhaps, but her eyes were shining with happiness. Her bright hair seemed to be curling of itself in some impalpable wind. Tom was leading the chorus like a confirmed wielder of the baton. How like Tom to provide this feast for a crowd of half-starved artists and musicians in honor of Dickie who had been so often hungry, though not always for food. Physical hunger was nothing compared to the fierce desire to express in paint all that clamored and insisted within him; the beauty and the glory of a world just out of reach. Rome at last, a cinema of cypresses, still gardens, great galleries, feasts of beauty after the struggle!

Shrieks for a speech. Dickie got up shyly and Tom pounded for silence. Babette was trying to look happy! How dim and lonely Hudson Street would be for her and Tom with Dick gone. He was only a few years younger than themselves but he had always seemed like their child. Their own hard shells—defensive armor—had been cracked by the strange gentleness of Richard Gay—an artist-babe, dreaming, working, wildly hungry, gloriously gallant, stubborn, refusing to do anything but paint and, somehow, contriving to live without borrowing.

The goal had been reached. He would study for two years in Rome. Looking down the table Dickie smiled his serene, childlike smile and bowed to Babette.

"My very dears," he began in a voice not too steady, "I'm going to Rome, and if it hadn't been for Tom and Babette believing in me so hard and telling me so—and—and

Babette such a grand cook, and, oh, my dears, I wish you were all sailing with me. It will be violet time in the campagna—and, if you came we'd all break our necks looking up at the Sistine ceiling—my God!—what joy—violets—Michelangelo—but you must all come to the ship!"

They did.

Richard clung to Babette at the last—"Darling—you've fed me, kept me going. I'm coming home with a gold necklace for you and a crown. O, Babette, darling, don't cry."

He crushed Tom's hand. "You old great, wonderful good egg. God bless you!"

Hudson Street looked just as they thought it would after they had listened to that last long departing whistle, and had watched the big boat being edged into the channel by officious tugs. They had broken away from the crowd as soon as possible and were now pressing against a bitter wind in the direction of their new quarters—a single room, half-cellar, half-basement in an old house. They went cautiously down the slippery steps into the area, where a fragment of waste paper was dancing with whispering sounds like fallen leaves.

In the twilight of the chilly room they surveyed their few possessions.

"I am glad Dickie didn't know we moved yesterday. He might have suspected," Babette said and checked a sigh.

Tom nodded, "We'd have had to go anyway—or we'd have been put out. You're not sorry, dear, that we gave that—"

"Sorry!" she interrupted, her smile coming back quickly, "What if we did have to sell the Chippendale chair to pay for that dinner—what's an old Chippendale chair to us. We can't have white paneled walls and an Adam fireplace to go with it. No, I'm glad we sent Dick away thinking you had landed a job and I had too—the little painting rascal—God bless him!"

"Speaking of fireplaces," Tom said, "What else can we sell?"

They looked about them. Not much left. Above the chest hung Babette's crucifix of carved ivory, her chief treasure, inherited from her mother's grandmother. They went over to it, as if by a common impulse. Babette put out her hand and touched it softly.

"I know how you'd hate to sell it," Tom said, "but now that we've got Dickie off—well, there's a dealer on Seventh Avenue—the one I showed it to once when Dick was needing paints—only we didn't have to sell it then."

"No, we didn't have to sell it," she repeated, "and I was so glad. Do you think you could get anything on this?"

She opened a drawer of the chest and brought out an old-fashioned chain set with garnets.

"No, keep it. I'll pawn my watch. I'll get a job in a day or two. Babette, isn't it grand about Dick!"

"Can't you see him in the galleries! O, Tom, let's pretend we're sailing next week to join him—sailing across the world."

"Maybe next week a job to keep us from sailing," Tom commented.

The weather continued bitterly cold. Job-hunting was difficult with insufficient food—never enough to stoke courage. They parted in the morning to meet again at night with matching stories. Tom found Babette one evening laughing

and crying over a letter from Dick: "Listen, dear," she said, "to the horns of elf-land—not faintly blowing." Pages of breathless description, then the quiet postscript:

"Babette, darling, if ever two people fed my soul and body, it was you and Tom. If ever I am famous it will be your work, you dears! Every day at five I shall say, 'God bless Tom and Babette.' Every night at ten—to allow for difference of time—you must say, 'Bless Dick.'"

"We must bless him to-night," she said huskily.

The blizzard had lasted three days. Babette did not go out at all, Tom only a block or two. Indeed there was nothing to go out for. The landlord had made his way through the storm to demand his rent. They had told him that they didn't even have money for food. He went away muttering his doubt of that.

This evening both felt sleepy hours before bedtime, as if the snow were a great covering, inducing drowsiness. They were very hungry, but too tired at last to care. Everything had been pawned or sold but the crucifix. From the broken boxes Tom had brought in they had made a fire. They crouched on the floor as close as they could get to it, holding out numb fingers to the brief bright blaze. The flames leaping made the room startlingly white, then blue shadows would veil the corners. The ivory Christ shone delicately.

"I am glad we didn't sell the crucifix," Babette whispered, "it seems like company, and we miss Dickie so much!"

"Yes, we miss him," Tom sighed. "Can't you see him walking in the gardens of the Borghese villa, among the cypresses, looking quite small and wondering like a little boy?"

"Yes, like a little boy."

They were silent for a long time, then Tom spoke: "Babette, I could get twenty-five dollars for the crucifix."

"I know dear. That means bread, but not to-night. It's comfy here and you are so tired."

"It means bread, Babette."

"Don't sell it to-night. Why, Tom, the crucifix—is bread. Dickie would say so. He always called beautiful things bread." She drew a little closer to her husband, and put her head on his shoulder. "I am so sleepy. Do you think Dickie's gathering violets in the campagna?"

"Perhaps," Tom answered softly.

"Is it ten o'clock?"

"I've lost track of time. Let's bless him anyway."

The sun shone from a dazzling frosty sky. The landlord of the basement-room stood looking doubtfully at the snow-piled area. A voice over his shoulder said: "Want to get in there? So do I!"

"We can't get in this way. Are you looking for people of the name of Sheldon?"

"That's it," said the antique dealer. "They've got a crucifix I'd like to buy."

"Gee! I'll let you in. They owe me rent."

Repeated knocks brought no answer. The landlord turned the door-handle and went in. "They've beat me to it," he muttered angrily, as he struck a match. Then he saw two figures crouched before a black hearth and when he called, "Hello there!" they neither stirred nor answered. He approached cautiously,

bent over them, then straightened himself, terror in his eyes, "My God, there's something wrong here."

An hour later the dealer and the landlord were walking up Hudson Street between the piled-up snow-walls. They had grown quite friendly through all the excitement. Both had profited. The dealer, particularly, was in a mellow mood. "I offered 'em the twenty-five bucks for it," he said patting a package under his overcoat. "And now just see my luck! The young fools—not to take me up, and they needin' bread like that. Did the Doc say death from starvation?"

ON TSCHAIKOWSKY'S SIXTH SYMPHONY

By Elizabeth Ann Christman

NEVER the nightingale, against a thorn
Its bosom leaning, made a dying wail
Of more exquisite sweetness, nor the pale
Niobe's stricken lips a cry forlorn
More anguished, when from her, her sons were torn,
Than when Tschaikowsky bitterly did flail
His heart, and in his flesh did strike the nail,
Relentless, 'til his symphony was born.
Ecstatic sorrow, glorious despair,
Begins his poem, grief on grief amassed;
Divine allegro, with its ceaseless rote
Of sobbing, poignant rhythm; then the flare
Of proud defiance just before the last
Hopeless cry is wrung from his dry throat.

TURNING BACK THE CLOCK

By L. V. Jacks

ONCE upon a time, as so many stories begin, my telephone rang, and when I took up the receiver and listened to the pleasant voice that came over the wire, I found I was invited to join a class in Homer. I do not mean a class to read about Homer, nor about life in the Homeric age, nor about what this and that learned person thinks of Homer. These people meant to meet once or twice a week, have tea, discuss Greek verse, and read the Greek of Homer. And—believe it or not—the principals were not college sophomores cramming for an examination, not intending artists seeking inspiration for misty ideals they would never translate into clearly defined fact, nor ambitious club women endeavoring to metamorphose themselves into something they never were and never could be, and to acquire by a sort of osmosis a flavor alien to their very essence. These were mature people who had already made a success of life, professionally, and who were watching middle age slip behind them as they faced the latter half of their days. But they had studied Greek in college.

"And did the voluntary group materialize?" you may ask. Indeed it did. It met for two hours nearly every week last winter between November 1st and April 1st, read and translated at each session about a hundred and fifty verses, discussed metrics, and practiced reading aloud. And had generally a very pleasant time, along with the tea. The tea also was good.

Other groups could do the same. I wonder why more people who fear they are growing old and would prefer to grow young, do not turn back to the Greeks for rest, relaxation, change and benefit. Naturally, the intellectually lazy would not care for such wrestling, but there are plenty who are eager and alert, whether at thirty or at sixty. It is a common accusation that the War generation is crass, that we devote ourselves to shallow ideals of service, that we do little to foster the mind. The attitude is called hard, brittle, nervous, and cynical. Possibly the criticisms are true—they are not germane to the present discussion—but here is a way out.

Men desire to know men. Pope put his finger on the integral factor when he wrote "the proper study of mankind is man." Of course, you can study man as he lies on an operating table. There is a group of orderlies, surgeons, gleaming apparatus, lights so placed that no shadow can exist, sterilized gowns and gloves, and in the center of it all, under the mask, a quivering form, unaware of what is being done to it. That is one way to study man; the bundle of tissues, bones, nerves, sinews.

Or, you can start out with the visiting nurse who goes through the slums, and study man broken by poverty and suspicions, hardened through misfortune. There you can find mothers who have never known good care, pre-natal or post-natal, babies who have never had a right ration of milk, men who have not

eaten properly balanced meals in years and years, old chronic illnesses that have been allowed to drag on for decades.

Not a cheerful study, but truly a study of mankind.

These inspections please the specialist, but why are they not more widely satisfactory? Why do so many students turn away for relaxation? Easy to answer. The picture shows one side. The view is fascinating, but it ends in the accumulation of knowledge. Its goal is knowledge.

There is little in Homer or Theocritus that appeals to the scientific spirit, but there is much that appeals to man. We draw hope from the future, but we find inspiration in the past. We anticipate what is yet to be accomplished, but we plan, and study, and reason, and derive our knowledge and wisdom from what has gone before. All the brilliance and the beauty, all the subtlety and deep wisdom, all the human experience of the ancients is our heritage. He is surely careless who makes no effort to enjoy his inheritance.

Suppose you are walking down a street, and you see a young man approaching. He is a fine sturdy fellow, handsome and well dressed, tall, strong, erect. He has red in his lips and his cheeks, his eyes are alert and bright. His suit hangs well for it covers a body athletic, well exercised, well developed. He looks like a man for great deeds.

How do you prefer to consider him? As a skeletal arrangement, with certain cartilaginous and muscular tissues draped over its bones? As a wiry frame on which the tailor has hung an excellent suit, and a very distinguished topcoat? Perhaps you smile at the suggestion. But the first remark was the best. He looks like a man for great deeds. He looks like a man you would like to know. We like to know handsome confident boys who will do great and fine things in our world. And there is your reason for reading Homer or Æschylus or Shakespeare. This energetic manly figure has appeal to an elemental instinct. And the elemental instincts are the deepest, truest, surest.

There is no universal panacea, and there is no solution that will please all readers. Moreover, this suggestion will inevitably and instantly split on the reef between those who studied Greek in college and those who didn't. And yet, a reading or a re-reading of what the great Greek writers have left us, can be put forward as a sound suggestion for the man—let his status in life be what you will—who desires change, who wishes to improve his mind, who has a true turn for philosophy. This is not an attempt to fill up leisure time, it is a deliberate step forward. It is a suggestion one considers workable.

No study or pastime will prove more refreshing and rejuvenating than the revival of one's interest in the Greeks. For the folk who know no Greek and expect never to learn it, the Loeb Classical Library in Greek and Roman authors still affords the answer—if they wish to draw closer to these ancient sources from which the best of our modern literature descends. For men who once studied Greek and forgot a great deal of it, the Loeb Library still carries in its unique arrangement a true device to cope with the need. And for those hardier souls —long may they flourish — who grapple with the text "as is" there

are a score of good annotated editions that will fill requirements.

Have you ever thought seriously of going back to the classics as a rest from the strain of every day? Perhaps you think the great minds of this world do not consider the literatures of Greece or Rome as relaxation. If so, you are badly mistaken. Clever Continental statesmen at the famous Peace Conference in Paris in 1919 marked with intense interest that unusually educated American soldier, the Chief of Staff, General Tasker Bliss. Bliss, the shrewdest American at the conference, who alone was not deceived by the propaganda flung at him, who alone sternly refused to write critical memoirs about his superior. He carried a small volume to Paris, a book one could slip in his pocket, and he read it when he had opportunity. What was it? The Roman Elegiac Poets, if you please.

The Belgian chairman of the Allied Finance Commission, Paul Van den Ven, was as shrewd a brain as any that gathered around the tables in the great hall. What was his business before the War? Greek; Byzantine Greek at that. Scholar, professor, historian, linguist, diplomat, financier. M. Van den Ven was a great figure.

The *Life and Letters of Walter H. Page* edited by Burton Hendrick make fascinating reading. And, by the by, where did Page, this brilliant journalist, publisher, and ambassador, lay the foundation for his vivacious and very human style? Reading Greek at Johns Hopkins University with Professor Basil Gildersleeve. What a delight his studies were! Henry Adams in his charming autobiography *The Education of Henry Adams*, one of the few truly great books in this field that has ever appeared in the United States, tells of his own relaxations after deep stress and strain, when he was no longer a young man, and had had many sorrows. "He wandered away," he says, "with the Greeks." Glad to forget for a time the struggle for existence, and the deep-rooted weariness of life. His story is worth reviewing.

No, Greek and brilliance are not dissociated, movies to the contrary notwithstanding. There is a little book called the *Value of the Classics* in which some scores of really able Americans — not principally teachers and university presidents, for their testimony might be biased, but business men, bankers, publishers, railroaders, and what you will — tell their opinions of the Greeks, their observations upon the study of Greek in colleges and universities, and their opinions of the good it does to all who approach it with a broad and a fair mind. The complimentary tone may astonish you. But it rests upon a basis of fact.

Greek authors are not therefore recommended alone for their philosophy of which they have much, nor for their keen realization of what constitutes tragedy, though they saw this problem with painful accuracy. They have a light-hearted jauntiness, an *élan* that distinguishes them from the stern and reserved Roman. There is no modern tongue or literature so much like the Greek as French. In French is found something of the same elegance and vivacity, the same *esprit de corps*, the same detachment, the same clarity and virility, the same sparkling penetrating intelligence. So too in Greek, whether you read Longus's cheery pastoral *Daphnis and Chloe*, Longinus's essay *On the*

Sublime, or *The Argonauts*, Apollonius' tale of the search for the Golden Fleece, or Plato's philosophic disquisitions on the soul, you are equally aware of an incredible distinction and charm, effortless ease and simplicity united to formidable power. Wandering down the long corridors of Greek thought one feels a sensation akin to that engendered in a great gallery of paintings, where one can walk on and on, and at every few yards see a landscape, a figure, a head, quite unlike other pictures, beautiful, arresting, satisfying in itself. The richness of old oils, the dull gold of their frames, the impressive force of the soul that is revealed, all successively strike at the watcher's sense of awareness, till he feels lifted out of himself and transported to a different plane of thought. This is the path Ponce de León missed! You are in the presence of a unique literature.

If you know the Greeks already, you will know where to turn. If not, these suggestions may assist. First, read a good book, that is not too technical, about life in very ancient Greece. Andrew Lang's *World of Homer* is interesting. So is Seymour's *Life in the Homeric Age*. Also Baikie's *Sea Kings of Crete*. Then, such a book as Earp's *Way of the Greeks*. Begin with the historians Herodotus and Thucydides. The translations of A. D. Godley and Charles Forster Smith will help. They will orient you. Then, try the tragic poets, according to the editing of Sir Richard Jebb, Professor Herbert Weir Smythe and Sir Gilbert Murray. Afterward, Aristophanes. Benjamin Bickley Rogers' edition of the greatest comic poet is best. You have not forgotten, one feels reasonably sure, the success *Lysistrata* enjoyed on the Philadelphia stage some five years ago. Last of all, Plato. If you need English, use Jowett's translation of the dialogues. One makes no special place for Homer. For you can pick him up at any point, and he will respond by being equally fascinating at all times. Homer is unique. The flavor of his verse alone is not diminished by years, nor impaired by the mushroom growths of later centuries. Homer in his Olympian preeminence is still—Homer. The Lang Leaf and Myer translation of the *Iliad*, done in the inimitable King James's wording, is yet supreme. Only the Lang and Butcher *Odyssey* rivals it for style.

In the laughter and the sadness of these ancient people, looking forward to us across a gulf of twenty-three centuries, in the awful solemnity of their sacrificial rites and the tingling zest of their Olympic games, in their love of life and their piercing realization of its passing beauty, lies a veritable lost Atlantis. On this island of fable, still so easily attained, is, paradoxically, the fountain of youth. And, looking into the depths of the fountain, you will see a mirror for the world around you! Studying that mirror will be an interesting experiment. So many have never tried it, are still unaware of the fascinations within their reach. Not all, it is true, will be fascinated. But if only one comes to a greater realization of himself, sees his own powers in their better light, feels himself spurred to a higher accomplishment and to a truer living, by the flame that animated this gallant ancient people, then the study and the suggestion will have carried excellent fruit.

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

POETIC LICENSE

POETIC license? May we define it as a substitution of facts for the greater reality? It then all comes back to a question of reality. What is real?

That may seem a stupid question but always the wisest have asked it since the beginning of time and, until he find a working answer to it, no one man's life is of much significance.

Twentieth century America has seen a curious tendency to dissociate thought from action. Reality has become to some the tap of the ticker-tape; the click of the driver on a ball; the crinkle of a newspaper; the jingle of coin in a pocket. The go-getter is the ideal fellow who acts without the unnecessary hesitation caused by thought and whose only ideas are concrete. The contempt for pure reason is neither courteous nor covert. The value we place upon it is patent in the wages we pay our teachers. If tutors were compensated at the same rate as dentists even the New Dealers would shout out at the waste of it! Yet if a young Harvard graduate can extract a sound idea out of my Tommy's head, isn't it a far more important extraction than one putrescent tooth? Although our financiers are not now averse to adding a B.A. to their own names or those of their progeny and although they do attend university lectures, no bitterer hue and cry was raised than when some university professors were chosen as consultants by our Government in 1932. The curious argument was offered that men who had attained a doctorate in economics were the last who should have any say in an economic crisis. Because they had spent fallow years on small incomes in puzzling out the causes for some of the economic ills on which many of their contemporaries in the business world had battened, they were violently referred to as *theorists* and left to perish in the odium of the appellation.

Yet which is more real—their theories or the scraps of compressed rags on which they are written?

"If they were not pigeons, what were they?" asks Gertrude Stein. "He had heard of a third and he asked about it. It was a magpie in the sky. If a magpie in the sky cannot cry, if the pigeon on the grass alas can alas—they might be very well very well very well they might be—"

So they might.

Our suggestion is, however, that the go-getters little realize that they are merely pygmy manifestations of William James's pragmatic theory that the measure of truth is utility, and that if they had listened to the thinkers or done a little personal thinking, they might have realized before this that both Republican and Democratic go-getters have been barking up each others' trees for a century. For a centralized government is really the safest for the little man and in State's

rights lurk all the conflicting laws which have been so profitable for the pursuance of Big Business.

Just so Hollywood is making her mistake at the moment, for if reality is something to be grasped by the mind rather than the body, then in the field of art, it may be shown us better by the artist and poet than the journalist and the photographer. The stage has begun to realize this fact but the screen still clings to the reality contained in a camera.

Probably the most garish example of extreme poetic license is *Four Saints in Three Acts*. The just quoted Miss Stein not only juggles facts but English. She eliminates punctuation and controverts reason; she sublimates the truth and ignores temporal and spatial boundaries yet from the entirety of *Four Saints*, her two saints emerged alive and vital. There was nothing reasonably tangible except St. Teresa's cardinal's hat and the fishing nets of St. Ignatius, yet, in the shifting moods and movements, the music, the colors and acting, the two mystics came knocking at the brain and the only pity was that there were so few in the audience to recognize them.

The most enlightening contrast between legitimate and illegitimate poetic license is shown in the play and the film of *Mary of Scotland*, the film being based on the tragedy of Maxwell Anderson. The stage accepted the poet's sense of reality but the screen feared not only the seeming unreality of his verse but took liberties with both history and the play without poetic guidance. Mr. Anderson's most audacious case of historic license is his interview between Mary and Elizabeth. His justification is that, it being impossible to reproduce on a stage the endless correspondence with which the two great ladies kept all Europe humming for the quarter of a century and into which was burned the enthusiasms, the courage, the loyalties and hatreds of their followers; it was legitimate to condense into a scene the twenty years of Mary's imprisoned struggle with all its pitiable defiance, hopes, defeat and spiritual triumph. This we feel he accomplished to a very great measure. "Still, still, I win!" cried Mary.

"I have been
A woman and I have loved as a woman loves,
Lost as a woman, loses. I have borne a son
And he will rule Scotland and England. I have an heir!"

Elisabeth

"By God, you shall suffer
For this, and slowly."

Mary

"And that I can do. A woman
Can do that."

Elisabeth

"Once more I ask you
And patiently. Give up your throne."

Mary

"No. My pride is stronger than yours and my heart beats blood
Such as yours has never known.
In this dungeon I win here alone."

Mr. Anderson has timed this secret interview just after Mary's en-

trance into England and we leave her facing the twenty years of captivity. But the screen, fearful of the effect of an ageing heroine, has made the captivity seem a matter of months and has chosen to end their story with the execution. It has paraphrased lamely in prose the meeting of the two Queens but places it the night before the beheading which takes extreme liberty not only with Mr. Anderson and history but with the characters of both Mary and Elisabeth. Elisabeth had become so terrified of Mary that she was offering her no terms of compromise but was trying to induce the jailers to connive at murder. Elisabeth hated straight action and after she had signed the warrant, she had her Council keep her in ignorance of the date of execution and then disgraced the secretary who had handed her the paper. Had Mary faced the block in the beginning it would have been the easier path. Jane Grey lost her head to Elisabeth but Jane is virtually forgotten. The poignancy of Mary lies not in the merciful release of her death but in the unmerciful continuation of her living, the indomitable courage of a woman sick and wasted by cruel treatment who could still, from behind her bars, turn Emperors into conspirators and make the Tudor Queen tremble.

Not all the elaborate views of Holyrood — which seem strangely palatial—nor Mary's trial, nor her march to the scaffold can offset the tragic reality of the symbolic scene contrived in the play by the poet, Maxwell Anderson and the artist, Robert Edmond Jones, when the English Queen, gorgeous in her golden brocades and gold lace and high standing ruff, confronts Mary, in black, before her little barred window. Miss Hepburn has been given all the pipers and horsemen and courtiers that technical directors can supply but she has been denied the words and the wisdom of a poet.

HELP YOURSELF.—Here is a farce built up on that merciless index of human vanity and ignorance, "Of course, *you* know all about it—" Have you often had the courage to say "No, I don't"? I confess I haven't, and neither did the bank officers from the president down, when Christopher Stringer, relying on this common weakness, installed himself at an empty desk, placing his neatly engraved name on a bracket beside him. Of course, he had to count upon the collusion of a friend in the same department but once the old doorman had actually found Stringer his office coat, the rest followed naturally and the Kupetsky affair began to loom larger and larger in reality and possibilities. Stringer had chosen "Kupetsky" quite simply as a title by running his finger down the business directory but as no one in his own bank or the next one dared say "No, I don't" when confronted with the test formula, Stringer, as he had planned, became the Kupetsky authority. Other department heads even began to recognize Stringer as having worked for them but there remained two insoluble difficulties. How was it possible to account for the fact that there were no minutes of the first Kupetsky meeting and how could Stringer ever find himself listed on the payroll? Salaries are an important supplement to employment. The struggle involved in these problems create Acts II. and III. and keep the action live-

ly. So does the very clever playing of Kurt Bois whose gifts in comedy were memorable in a very short-lived John Golden comedy this winter. This most amusing and entirely blameless farce is smartly produced by Edward Goodman for the Federal Theater Project from the Viennese of Paul Vulpius.—*At the Adelphi.*

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—*At the Forrest.*

March, 1935

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—The only farce for a long time that can count off eighteen months. It is entirely moral but not over refined.—*At the Playhouse.*

December

DEAD END.—The powerful picture of how boys become gangsters on our city streets.—*At the Belasco.*

January, 1936

BOY MEETS GIRL.—The second successful farce without a triangle. Funny but not always circumspect in its lines.—*At the Cort.*

February

VICTORIA REGINA.—Reopened August 31st.—*At the Broadhurst.*

March

MURDER IN THE OLD RED BARN.—With some mugs of beer and a pleasant party, this ancient melodrama revives in color, with the assistance of some clever acrobats and music between the acts.—*At the American Music Hall.*

June

ON YOUR TOES.—A highly sophisticated musical comedy that a very smart satire on the Ballet Russe and the inimitable pantomime and dancing of Ray Bolger punctuates with cleverness. Miss Luella Gear's songs are catchier than discreet and a "strip tease" incident in the closing ballet might have been happily omitted. Above the average in intelligence.—*At the Imperial.*

August

NEW FACES.—A refurbished revue of new talent which with judicious editing has become very good entertainment. Imogene Coca is supposedly the only name of note but there is promise that some of the other names will soon be better known. Several of the sketches are clever enough to remember and the whole little show is given with spirit and enthusiasm.—*At the Vanderbilt.*

The Ball and the Cross

THE BALL AND THE CROSS is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, THE WORLD AND THE FAITH. It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.

INDIA'S NEW CONSTITUTION

THE new constitution is to be federal. The Montagu-Chelmsford Report (1919) gave more than a hint of its coming. "Our conception of the eventual future of India," said the Report, "is a sisterhood of States self-governing in all matters of purely local or provincial interest." The Indian States Committee over which Sir Harcourt Butler presided made a less tentative approach. "We have left the door open," they said, "to closer union. There is nothing in our proposals to prevent the adoption of some form of federal union." Federation, it was being gradually recognized, was a condition precedent to any constitutional reforms. Only a federal structure could afford sufficient elasticity for the union of communities at very different stages of development and of culture. But the problems of India are unique, in more ways than one.

The task of federating India is comparable to the schemes of M. Briand and Salvador de Madariaga rather than Prince Bismarck's. With this difference, M. Briand could at least start, as could Bismarck, from certain natural units. These units do not exist at present in India. The proposed federal structure is to consist of (1) the provinces hereinafter called Governors' provinces and (2) the Indian states which have acceded or may thereafter accede to the Federation. This does not carry us very far. "The Indian states are totally different in status and character from the provinces of British India and they are not prepared to federate on the same terms" (Joint Parliamentary Committee's Report, page 16). This is a truism we must be prepared to accept. Even if we do not say with the younger Nehru that the states are the relics of a bygone age, it is evident that they are swayed by different loyalties. The picture conjured up in the minds of many by the conception of an All-India Federation bringing into a single glittering edifice the democratically governed provinces of British India and the autocracies of the ruling princes is a pleasing one. The temptation to put the clock back must not, however, blind one to the initial difficulties.

In order to find a clue to this tangle, it is necessary to interpret the point of view of an Indian prince. Four loyalties struggle for mastery in his mind. First, his loyalty to the crown which is a real and forceful inspiration, since apart from treaty obligations, it is a personal sentiment. This bids the ruler support the federal idea because it is the constitutional scheme favored by the British Government and partly because it is the surest means of stopping the separatist movement in India. The Maharaja of Patiala put the position in a nutshell: "We cannot effectively discharge our obligations to the crown unless we become partners in the Greater Indian architecture that is now being designed with proper safeguards suited to our special conditions." The public utterances of the princes reveal their anxiety to preserve intact the British connection and to strengthen it, if possible.

The ruler also owes a loyalty to India, a nation. He hates the suggestion that his state is a stumbling-block to Indian constitutional advance. He likes to explore every avenue in order to avoid the frustration of ambitions common to his state and British India.

The ruler's third loyalty is to his order. He must satisfy himself that the terms offered are fair and reasonable from the point of view of his brother rulers. If the federal experiment is to succeed it cannot afford to ignore the rights and liberties of the "smaller states" whose continued existence, said the Maharaja of Bikaner, is "our most zealous care."

The ruler's last loyalty is to his throne and his state. Now his dynasty is secure and his sovereign rights are guaranteed. But the outworks are gone. The walls are crumbling. There is a growing suspicion that he may not be able to hand untarnished to his successor the sacred trust of generations gone by. He knows that his rights will be fully safeguarded under the new order but he wants further assurance. Hence his distrust of the federation.

It is not proposed to attempt a discussion of the tactics appropriate for the Government to induce the princes to join the federation. The steady growth of nationalism can be the only sure and safe method. The process must be slow in places where the forms of Government have so far been crude and primitive. The authors of the new constitution rely on regulating the economic policy. Tariff policies in which every part of British India is interested are laid down by a British Indian Legislature in which no Indian state so far has had a voice. Besides, a common company law for India, a common banking law and a common system of communication will cause increasing uneasiness as industrial and commercial development spreads from India to the states. On all these points the new federation will have power to adopt a common policy. It is noteworthy that many princes have already signified their assent to the new scheme.

The commonest shot in the Imperialist's locker is that the defense of India must continue to be a reserved department. His contention is that the Indian army is recruited from a very small area. He points his triumphant finger to the fact that "the Punjab provides 86,000 men, the United Provinces 16,500, Bihar and Orissa 300, Central Provinces 100, Bengal and Assam not a

single man" (Simon Report). These are pleas which must be dismissed as not quite tenable. The Great War showed that races frequently dubbed as "non-martial" could be willing participants in a quarrel which was none of their making and cannot have seemed any of their business. Sir John Simon's figures, one is constrained to remark, represent the final outcome of a settled military policy. They are not a proper index of the comparative military efficiency of different parts of the country. A federated India can be successful only when the military burden is more evenly distributed.

The official suggestion that the defense of India must continue to be "reserved" in perpetuity is no doubt fantastic. But not less fantastic is the attempt of the Congress to saddle the blame on English shoulders for the frequent communal quarrels. Every orator says the same thing, *viz.*, that the Government foments communal outbreaks on the Roman principle, *divide et impera*. It is not easy to "pull off" so elementary and obvious a trick. Anyone who sees the anxious look that comes into the face of the district magistrate as one of the major festivals of either religion approaches will know whether it is plausible to assume that these riots are deliberately brought on.

At the second session of the Round Table Conference Mr. Gandhi declared that the communal troubles were "coeval with the British advent and would go with the foreigner." The Maharaja of Burdwan saw the situation better: "Mahmud of Ghazni sowed the seeds of hatred and religious animosity which have survived through the ages bringing a bitterness between Hindus and Mohammedans which breaks out at any moment."

The fact is that the Hindu-Moslem difference is more fundamental. The Hindus and Moslems who inhabit one village belong to two separate people more distinct and farther asunder than two European nations. France and Germany are to Europeans the standard example of enemy nations and yet a young Frenchman may go to Germany for business or study and may take up his residence with a German family, share their meals and go to the same place of worship. No Hindu could live on such terms in a Moslem family. It is not only in the customs and usages which mark their external life that the two people differ. The sources of their moral and intellectual aspirations are different. The Moslem is inspired by the great literatures of Arabia and Persia. These do not mean anything to the average Hindu. The Hindu worships various gods of whose very existence the Moslem is ignorant. Even their newspapers and novels are mutually unintelligible. The Hindu books are printed with the rest of the world's script from left to right. The Moslem prefers the reverse process from right to left. But it is useless to enumerate these grounds of difference. The only thing that matters is that they feel and think of themselves as separate people. This is a strange commentary on some of the democratic professions familiar to foreign observers of Indian politics.

A successful working of parliamentary government depends on four factors: the principle of majority rule, the coöperation of the

minority, the existence of great parties divided by broad issues of policy and an alert and responsive press owing no allegiance to any political party. None of these factors exist at present in India. There are no parties as a student of English politics would understand them. There is the age-old antagonism between the Hindu and the Mohammedan. In these circumstances, communal representation must be accepted as inevitable.

The communal principle though freely criticized will remain. There can be no real progress until it goes. But it cannot go unless the different systems of religion in India overhaul their thought and practice as freely as has been done with Christianity in the West. It cannot go, unless, *pari passu*, a lot of other things go as well. Much has been heard of the safeguards and the special responsibilities with which the new constitutional scheme bristles. The efficacy of these safeguards remains to be seen. The two main opinions regard them either as some sort of brake or as entirely useless. Truth lies as usual halfway but one is tempted to incline to the former view. It must be recognized at the same time that the whole system of special responsibility presupposes that some part of the Government and of the people will be behind the Governor or the Governor-General. In future the opposition will be more active and it will be confronted with acquiescence plus inertia.

Even a more interesting speculation is how the more democratic system will fit in with Indian history. The chief characteristic of democratic government is the blurring of responsibility, and it is precisely here that dangers will lie. The parliamentary system masks individual responsibility and makes it easier to avoid decision. Indian politics have always been influenced by personalities. The question then becomes one of the type of man who will be attracted to public life. The carpetbagger is a familiar figure in India. On the other hand the Englishman is wrong in supposing that democracy like cricket is something peculiarly English. It is protean and its Indian expression may be quite as genuine as the original.

Nevertheless, in spite of these disquieting symptoms those best able to judge hold that there are no substantial grounds for pessimism or defeatism. Constitution-building is always a long job. The slower one goes, the less likely one is to make mistakes.

The Englishman of to-day is less self-satisfied than the Victorians. A series of shocks have upset his complacency. He is no longer convinced that he possesses a monopoly of political wisdom. He is less anxious to thrust English institutions on the rest of the world and particularly on that part with which he is immediately associated. Macaulay's famous note on education (1855) is a case in point. Sir Michael Sadler will not see eye to eye with the Victorian.

"The English rule in India," wrote H. G. Wells in the *New Machiavelli*, "is surely one of the most extraordinary accidents that has ever happened in history. We are there like a man who has fallen from a ladder onto the neck of an elephant and does not know what to do or how to get down. In some manner we shall have to come out of India. We have had our chance and we have demonstrated nothing

but the appalling dullness of our national imagination." This recalls Sir John Seeley's oft-quoted statement that the Empire was conquered in a fit of absent-mindedness. There is certainly a case against the missionary zeal of the Victorians. There is certainly a case for rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

SADHAN KUMAR GHOSH.

WHITHER EUROPE?

WHITHER is Europe tending, to downfall or rebirth? When Spengler published some years ago his *Downfall of the West* it was looked upon as an already accomplished prophecy.

It is true that the whole structure of western civilization appears to be crumbling; and that because Europe, faithless to her mission, has denied the faith and ideals upon which her culture was built up. But Christian ideals are not dead: Christianity is not—as the unbelieving are so fond of asserting—bankrupt, not even bankrupt in this Europe of ours.

The Catholic knows that Christianity cannot die before the end, knows too that the Church stands firm in this, as in other periods of religious and moral upheaval. Were the center of Christianity to pass from Europe to another continent this should not disturb the faith of the Catholic. His faith is anchored in eternal promises, not in the passing changes of time. These passing changes are at the moment ominous enough, but in the midst of this almost universal over-riding of Christian ideals, the Catholic, however much cause he may have to sorrow, has also cause to hope. This religious and moral upheaval is not without signs of a possible rebirth. It may be difficult to believe that European culture and the faith that inspired it can survive the denial of all from which it sprang, but tradition dies hardly, and the monuments of Europe's great Christian civilization remain, remain to inspire hope. Are any of the new myths, new paganisms, building monuments calculated to be as lasting?

Can the gospel of pure materialism as logically preached by the Soviets make permanent appeal; will it raise lasting monuments? We know that the five year plan has already proved a failure and are there not already signs of rending in the fabric of Marxian philosophy? That religion is a private affair may be a tenet of this philosophy, but practice has shown that religion is incompatible with Communism. The moment the Marxian gospel is put into practice by a state, religion has to disappear. Now we may surely ask, can man who is naturally a religious being, live without religion? All the persecution of religion in Russia, and it has been bitter and bloody, has not succeeded in eradicating the religion of the people. So little so that the government has of late been forced to make concessions with regard to the practice of religion.

People are not failing to see that this Communism which assumes to be the expression of the will of the masses, has proved to be the

deification of the state, and the absorption of the masses for the gain of the state. Under the rule of the Soviets the masses have become mere fodder for the great machine of the state. In such a machine the individual ceases to exist, his personality, his aspirations, his individual rights are impugned; in such a machine he must become dehumanized, mechanized, devitalized. Will the masses consent permanently to this infringement of their personal rights? What will be the working of this vast machine when the hands on the wheel are no longer able to control the component parts? What will be the end when pent-up forces, uncontrolled by any higher law than the promise of material gain, finally break loose and destroy the disrupted machine?

Mechanism is the beginning of barbarism, as Guardini says. The Soviet state is built up on the idea of a mechanized humanity, of man as a mere cog in the machine of state. But can man be ultimately satisfied to be but a cog in a machine and permanently to sacrifice to certain doubtful material advantages, his beliefs, his humanity, his individual activities, his personality, his power of choice?

Goethe was not the only one to see that theories, philosophies, policies, grow gray and perish, but that life, human life, is eternally new. Man is man with his human desires and dreams, and these desires and dreams must transcend the possibilities of mechanization. The outer forms of religion can be stamped out by the devil and his angels but the natural religion in men's souls cannot be so lightly uprooted. Even genuine formal religion can exist without its outward forms. A Russian Jesuit who lectured at the Salzburg university week, said that religion was as actual now in Russia as formerly, and that the soul of the Russian people was still deeply religious. There are many who hope that through this persecution the Russian Church may be purified,—and perhaps be even drawn nearer to a union with Rome. The future of this Church is not without hope.

If we turn to the National Socialist state the problem that confronts us is, from the Christian standpoint, perhaps more serious, but here too there is ground for hope. This régime is too ruthless, too bizarre to last. It is opposed to the natural feelings of the German race, and the tradition and culture of Germany are too essentially Christian to be lightly swept away by the theories of a Rosenberg. The deification of race and blood spells a relapse into paganism and a paganism more dangerous than the old paganism which Christianity overcame, but fifteen centuries of Christian belief have struck roots that cannot lightly be dug up, and these roots are always casting up fresh shoots. The deification of race leads naturally to religious persecution as it has led and is leading to cruel persecution in Germany to-day, but such persecution may only strengthen the roots of faith.

It is absurd to treat the present religious question in Germany as one merely of Church and state. The danger lies far deeper than that. It is the opposition of two philosophies that are diametrically opposed. A radical Kulturkampf is not merely a peril of the future but an actual fact at present. But in the absolute opposition of the new paganism to the Christian out-

look there is the germ of hope. It is not Judaism and Catholicism only that are attacked in Germany today it is the whole structure of Christian faith and tradition that is being assaulted; but the very strength of this tradition presents, let us hope, an insurmountable barrier. Already signs of resistance are being manifested, and although it is only the Catholics who are made the scapegoats of discontent it is evident that this discontent is not confined to any class or creed but is becoming more or less general.

Goëring may assert that a resistance to Hitlerism is to be found only in Catholic circles, but the resistance exists also in other circles, the only difference is that in Catholic circles it has become more or less audible when the newly imposed laws are actually opposed to Christian faith and morals, or when violent attacks are made on the Pope and the bishops.

The truth is that National Socialism as developed in Germany is incompatible with Catholicism and it is not only religion that is at stake but the whole culture of central Europe. But Catholicism and Christian culture have still their advocates, and have already given martyrs to the cause in the person of Dolfuss and so many other victims of National Socialism. Austria, weakened and impoverished as she is, is fighting tooth and nail for the Catholic cause and for the survival of that culture which was built up on Christian tradition. Martyrs like Dolfuss do not die in vain, and it is not in vain that men like Kralik and Herman Bahr, Hildebrand, and Haecker, have led and are leading a crusade for the cause of the Church and the survival of Christian culture.

It is also not without significance that there has been a great Catholic revival in France of late, that men like Maritain are applying Catholic thought to all the problems of the day, that a way has been paved, chiefly through Wust, to the revival of metaphysics, or that the general trend of philosophy is far more favorable to Catholicism than the various phases of thought which governed the nineteenth century. The chaos resulting from those various phases of thought has led to a clearer and more objective outlook. Philosophically the Church is in a stronger position than perhaps she has been for centuries. The chaos of the moment is not so much a chaos of thought as a moral upheaval. Europe is morally bankrupt; this we cannot deny, nor the greatness of the danger; but for moral evils the Church finds ever new cures.

Whither is this great Europe, with its Christian literatures, its Christian monuments, its Christian traditions tending? Is this home of Christian faith, this center of the Church's activities, to sink back into the paganism and barbarism from which Christianity delivered it? We Catholics can hardly think so. If the moral and political outlook is blacker for us than it has been for centuries, we can yet find around us many grounds for hope. If religious persecution threatens, and it does threaten, is already at our doors, we know that in such persecution there may be the seeds of new life. We can trust that the Church will find means to heal these moral and political ills, and to evangelize once more the continent which has and is so sadly betraying its Christian mission.

A. N. Raybould.

Nova et Vetera

The Goal Before Us

Character is a by-product—a by-product, as Woodrow Wilson used to say, of hard work well done. The courses in character and personality that I have heard about seem to me calculated to produce in the student a burning desire to commit the most outrageous crimes. The moral virtues are habits. The environment of education should be favorable to them. But only a diffused sentimentality will result from the attempt to make instruction in the moral virtues the object of education. And, in addition, resources that might go into intellectual training will be lavished on athletics, social life, and student guidance, a kind of coddling, nursing, and pampering of students that is quite unknown anywhere else in the world.

If the object of general education is not scholarly, professional, or vocational; if its primary purpose is not the development of character or personality; if it should not be composed of current information about the *status quo* or imaginary information about the future, what is its object and of what should it be composed? Clearly, the object of general education is the training of the mind. Clearly, too, the mind should be trained for intelligent action. Or, to put it another way, the object of general education is to produce intelligent citizens. Facts, data, and information, present and prospective, cannot be ignored. But the emphasis must be on the training of the mind. Facts, data, and information should be used to exemplify and enforce the principles upon which intelligent action must rest.

Such a program of general education proceeds on two assumptions: First, it assumes that everybody has a mind and that we must find out how to train it. Second, it assumes that it is a good thing to train it. Certainly I should be put to it to argue that a trained mind will result in a large income. I have no difficulty in holding that it will result in a happy and useful life. It will result in benefit to the individual and to the community.

It will do more. A program of general education resulting in trained minds will facilitate social change and make it more intelligent. The educational system cannot bring about social change. It cannot work out and impose on the country a blueprint of the social order desired by the teachers' colleges. But the educational system can facilitate social change; it can make it more intelligent. A program of general education which is based on ideas, which leads the student to understand the nature and schemes of history, to grasp the principles of science, to comprehend the fine arts and literature, and to which philosophy contributes intelligibility at every stage, is the kind of program that we must now construct. It may seem, at first glance, remote from real life, from the facts, and from the social order. On the contrary, if we can construct it, we shall find that it

may give us at last a land fit to be free.

I realize that the suggestions I have made are both vague and violent. What I have been trying to do is to hold before you the dazzling vision of millions of young Americans receiving an education adapted to their needs at the hands of teachers who are truly educated themselves. This is the goal before us. Only if we can achieve it will the sheep, when they look up, be fed.

—From *No Friendly Voice*. By ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press).

THE CHURCH TO-DAY IN ENGLAND

THE Catholic population, estimated at between two and three millions, is now spread fairly evenly throughout the urbanized areas of English life. This new development as a result of which Catholics are found in all sections of the professional and business worlds has brought a cohesion which was formerly lacking in the southern counties. The large secondary schools controlled by the Jesuits, the diocesan clergy, the modern congregations and the various orders of teaching brothers have contributed to this result and are gradually building up a central core of Catholic life, which is almost free from that erosion of indifference which affects wealthier circles. . . .

The Jesuit tradition is strong and constant and education has greatly benefited from the vigour and charity of northern Benedictinism. The line of tradition at Newman's Oratory School carried it forward almost inevitably into lay control and Douai School represents the chief benefit conferred on England by the expulsion of the teaching orders in France in 1903. Linked up in financial standing with the large day schools Douai showed the simplicity and virility of the new Catholic core. The more expensive schools combine a religious background with some of the characteristics of the nineteenth-century public-school system. With the advantages of that system they have not in all cases avoided its defects. . . .

Except in certain parts of the north of England a serious difficulty is usually felt in maintaining the religious life of the small parishes in the country which have come down from the first half of the nineteenth century and the penal times. The incidence of death duties and the consequent sale of estates has fallen particularly heavily upon the Catholic landlords who more often belonged to the less wealthy section of their class. In many instances the houses from which the mission was maintained are sold or let or empty. In most places that solidly Catholic character of the tenantry, which was a commonplace a century ago, is hardly even a memory: no section of the community has diminished so rapidly as the tenant farmers of the old faith. Land settlement may assist to build again the Catholic life of the countryside, but in so far as it was bound up with a feudal principle it is not easy to imagine a revival. In one area, however, there has been definite progress; that portion of Somerset which is within reach of the influence of Downside Abbey. Around other religious houses groups of the faithful have gathered, but in Somerset there is something approaching a revival of that indigenous Catholicism of the soil which has sur-

vived in certain districts of the north of England and in oases in the south.

The convert stream which has helped to strengthen the other sections of the community has done little for the country districts. In the nineteenth century a number of landlords were converted but very few independent agricultural labourers; conversions were more often made among the farming stocks after their migration to the towns. With the exception of the villages, which in the south of England are seldom touched by Catholicism outside of the home counties, the increase of the Church by conversion is spread fairly evenly over the cities, industrial and suburban areas and country towns and is found at all economic levels. . . .

Those who become Catholics after the age of twenty-five remain steadfast and interested and in many cases vehement in their newfound religion. They bring to the religion some of that quality of consistent but not uncritical enthusiasm which is so marked a characteristic of those educated French circles in which a feeling for Catholicism has reawakened. It is remarkable how considerable a proportion of the writers of this faith are converts and how very great has been their influence over their new coreligionists. This is particularly true in the case of the rising Catholic generation in the south of England leaving the public and secondary schools. In the north country the situation is different; interest in new books is perhaps less widespread; there are centuries of Catholicism behind them and a consistency, sometimes unimaginative, in their granite faith. . . .

The strength of Catholic massed populations in East and South London depend to a considerable extent on the parishes and their organized life. In this connection it is as well to mention the characteristic activities in which the regular Catholic life finds its expression, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Knights of St. Columba, the Catenians. A network of parishes and parochial and diocesan organizations builds up the strength of the Catholic Church throughout the country. The idea of pilgrimages is linked with it, journeys in bands to Lourdes or Walsingham or Holywell, a Catholic line of travel for those who would otherwise hardly find themselves so far afield. Buckfast Abbey which was consecrated in 1933 and is certainly known to more Englishmen than any other monastery in the country is found within the same orbit. A very considerable religious Press concentrates interest on events within the Catholic Church, and provides a full account of the pronouncements of Ecclesiastical Authority and in this connection it is only necessary to refer to the plans for organized Catholic Action under consideration by the hierarchy.

In a general view it may be said that there is a good proportion of communicants and a sound attendance at Sunday Mass among the Catholics in England. Nevertheless there does seem very great need for a revitalizing of the religious spirit and a wholly new approach to and desire for sanctity, which would result in the destruction of content.

There is a spirit of co-operation between the clergy and that band of laymen who take a definite part in the public activities of their community. Anti-clericalism in the Continental sense of the word is

practically unknown and its place is taken by an impatience with the clergy manifest in some circles. Akin to this impatience is a form of quite polite indifference to all the external phenomena associated with the Catholic life in England....

Politics play little part in the Catholic community as such, except in the circle of the Distributists. There is little racial distinction; the German and Austrian stocks, although numerically inconsiderable, have proved a very valuable addition and a singularly stable element. A great proportion of the industrial population still reflects the debt to the Irish infusion and forms with the Catholic areas of Lancashire the popular stronghold of the faith. The old landed families, although diminished in number, still survive together with some fifty peers of unequal value. Descendants of the Oxford Movement families tend to lead a fairly definite but quiet Catholic life; the vigour of their grandfathers' affirmation is now balanced by that of the converts of this generation....

Catholicism carries within itself the seed and power of renovation and it is a fortunate hope that a new St. Charles Borromeo or St. Francis of Sales may illumine the Christian standards. The distance which separates the C h u r c h from the standpoint of the s u r r o u n d i n g world is increasing, while its members are more and more bound up in their daily lives with those who are entirely freed from all theological conceptions. Catholicism is permanently in stress and it is inevitable that those who believe in the divinity of Christ should look to the Saviour on the waters.

—From *Catholicism in England*. By Dᴀᴠɪᴅ Mᴀᴛʜᴇᴡ (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.).

The Development of Tragedy

In a world where every human effort must pass through suffering and must wind itself into the knot of death, all narrative and dramatic imitation of life has tragic potentialities; but this is not to say that every narrative or dramatic art of high cultivation must eventually segregate and develop them. The Chinese and Sanskrit cultures, despite their wealth of artistry and despite their very real achievements in drama especially, have never so far as we know produced what men of the European tradition would call full-formed tragedy. In the classic *Nō* drama of Japan is an art of severely refined technique which at times can move us as does our own tragedy and which uses certain of the Greek methods to a highly remarkable degree, apparently by independent discovery, but even here we are apt to find the tragic note ill sustained.

It is not sufficient for the attainment of tragic art upon the stage that a people should dramatize worshipfully the passions of Osiris, of Dionysus, or of Jesus; or that they should imitate this suffering in religious ritual with the aim of procuring material and spiritual benefits. It may be that unsophisticated man seeks such benefits in a kind of sympathetic magic, which represents the intense dramatic struggle in nature between the abstract forces of death and life, winter and summer, fruitfulness and barrenness, and which is intended thereby to aid the cyclic rebirth of the world. Again it may be that he seeks them in a dramatic dance before the tombs of his heroes, mourning the dead and by a representation of their sufferings hoping to

please their souls and get protection and aid. These matters are much in dispute. But however the passion-play or the tragic ritual begins, consciously artistic tragedy upon the stage does not begin until man in all seriousness brings intellectual curiosity, critical ability, and, what is paradoxical and most important, even creative pleasures to the dramatic imitation of life's destructive forces. Despite Aristotle's magnificent attempt at definition, this pleasure is mysterious and for the most part indefinable, since to take pleasure in the contemplation of pain may seem either perverse or morbid, and yet is actually neither when the contemplation is of the most profound tragedy. We may say, then, that fully developed tragedy is possible only where keen desire and high ability to understand human suffering unite with noble capacity for taking pleasure in its artistic representation. To say why the union does not more generally exist were as difficult as to anatomize the soul.

Many peoples, certainly those of China and India, have had the will and the ability to meet human suffering with the achievement of religious or philosophical wisdom, but, to our European perception, only two peoples have also purged human suffering by the creation of tragedy in the grand style. These two are, of course, the Greek and the Christian European. Through the intermediate Roman imitation of the Greek, the two great tragic arts may be joined into one art, begun with Æschylus, in large measure forgotten in the "Dark Ages," and consciously revived with the New Learning. So we often do join them in a post-Renaissance world accustomed to make Greece our fountainhead of nobility and beauty. Yet in paying generously our debt to Greece and Rome there is real danger that we shall rob ourselves of what is rightfully ours. The European tragic genius which Shakespeare absorbed and dominated had a style and creative afflatus of its own.

—From *The Medieval Heritage of Elizabethan Tragedy*. By WILLARD FARNHAM (Berkeley, Calif.: University of California Press).

Foreign Periodicals

Loyalty to Race and Creed

The Sacred Congregation *"De Propaganda Fide"* has just issued two startling decrees, the one for Manchukuo and the other for Japan, which will go a long way towards solving the apparent conflict in those lands between a Christian's duty to his religion and to his country.

Propaganda, on the advice of the Ordinaries of those countries and acting under the direct authority of the Sovereign Pontiff, has decided that many ceremonies of religious origin and still in *appearance* of some religious significance are in reality purely secular ceremonies, symbolizing the loyalty of the inhabitants to their country.

In the case of both countries the civil authorities themselves have admitted and explained that these ceremonies are of no religious significance whatsoever. Hence under certain carefully defined conditions Christians may in future participate in them. This departure is yet another sign of the vision and universal outlook of Pope Pius XI.

In the Far East it is the common belief there that to become a Christian entails "un-nationalizing" oneself. The prejudice is especially widespread among the upper and governmental classes, who know that allegiance to their country and race is expressed exteriorly in religious forms or rites prescribed by the law; to be forced to give up this ceremonial appears to be tantamount to a renunciation of loyalty to race.

During this century, however, a great change has come over the East. While these ceremonies were once really closely connected with religion, the influence of the West has done much to change the general attitude to them and to turn them from religious to purely civil ceremonies.

This change has caused the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda to study anew the customs of the East to see whether the old painful difficulties can now be overcome. The very spread of the Catholic Faith has done much to make natives recognise the civil character of what they once took to be religious.

In other words, as the *Osservatore Romano* notes, we are in the Far East at much the same epoch as the peace of Constantine in the West when the work of preserving what was good in the ancient Roman customs was being studied so that by Christianizing certain ceremonies and words the ancient pagan festivals could be transformed into Christian ones. For example, St. Augustine before he came to Britain was instructed not to destroy pagan temples, but only pagan images, replacing them by the cross.

In Manchukuo, the Vicar-Apostolic of Kirin had specifically enquired of the Ministry whether the honours paid to Confucius were to be considered as properly a religious cult and received the following answer:

"The ceremonies in honour of Confucius have for their sole object an outward manifestation of the

veneration in which he is held, but they have absolutely no religious character. Confucius condensed the teaching of the ancient sages and exposed the royal doctrine '*wang-tao*' . . . his teachings are the basis of individual, family and State morality; they constitute a sure rule for those who assume the charge of governing peoples. Manchukuo, having adopted the 'royal doctrine' as the principle of its government, all citizens must participate in the ceremonies in honour of Confucius and thus show that they are animated by a loyal patriotism."

On the basis of this letter the Ordinaries worked out definite cases of how far it was possible for Christians to go in their participation in the said ceremonies, and their decisions have been approved by the Holy Father himself.

In missionary schools it is now allowed to Christians to expose the image of Confucius, if ordered to do so, and even to decorate it, if absolutely necessary. Pupils may bow to the image, but they are not allowed to erect an altar to Confucius with candles and incense, since the analogy with Christian worship would be too close. In pagan schools, pupils may participate in the ceremonies to Confucius, it having once been explained to them that their participation should only be outward. Soldiers and civil functionaries may, under necessity, participate materially in the sacrifices to Confucius, but a Christian may not sing alone in a hymn related to the sacrifice. Under no circumstances may a Christian share in the victim of the sacrifice. It is now allowed to give money to the erection or repair of temples to Confucius, and even to other cults if the subscription is a tax for all kinds of temples, but not if it is specifically for other cults. In the case of pagan funerals, the inclination before the dead, hitherto strictly forbidden to Catholics is now tolerated since it has lost its religious significance.

In the case of Japan the Sacred Congregation recalls the instructions to missionaries made as long ago as 1659 in which it is said: "Do not attempt or seek in any way to persuade the people to change their rites, habits and customs, unless they are most evidently in contradiction to religion and morals. . . ."

In regard to the acts with which the Japanese to-day express their devotion to their country the following considerations must be borne in mind. The acts in question are those which, though they may have had an origin in pagan religion are not intrinsically evil and have become indifferent, being commanded, not for religious, but for patriotic reasons. This distinction has been made by the Japanese authorities themselves which founding itself on religious liberty has shown the difference between the *national* Shintoism and Shinto religious cult. For example, the temples and monuments erected or used for civil purposes are under the care of a different Minister from those used for religion. The Minister of Public Education has made all this clear in a letter to the Archbishop of Tokyo. In other specific cases, such as annual ceremonies, the same distinction is made clear and accepted by the Japanese.

Because of these reasons and because of the difficulty presented to the consciences of Japanese Christians who are often obliged to appear to slight their own national traditions for the sake of their religion,

the Sacred Congregation lays it down:

(1) That the Ordinaries of the Japanese Empire should instruct the faithful that they may take part in ceremonies that only signify filial reverence towards the Imperial Family and the benefactors of their country.

(2) That the same Ordinaries may permit the faithful, when they take part in funerals, marriages and other private rites in use in Japanese social life, to join in ceremonies (if necessary making their intentions clear) which, though perhaps of religious origin, are now through circumstances of place and common opinion only indications of politeness and mutual affection.

—*Catholic Herald* (London), July 17th.

The Hour Has Struck

When *Gringoire* published this spring a detailed inquiry into the affairs of Spain, the press of our Popular Front accused us of having deliberately painted the Spanish situation with too black a brush. All that has happened there since, all that is happening there now, proves to what extent its accusation was false. We were not beyond the limit of the truth, but still very much this side of it.

Mr. Gil Robles, one of the heads of the Opposition, recently presented to the Cortes, without a single voice being raised to contradict his figures, a statement of revolutionary action during the last three months. These statistics are terrific: 160 churches totally destroyed, 251 attacked; 269 deaths, 1,287 wounded; 400 deeds of violence; 69 political clubs destroyed, 312 attacked; 10 newspapers destroyed, 33 attacked; 146 exploding bombs, 78 more thrown.

These few indications will suffice to testify both to the frightful state of the country and to the criminal inertia of the Popular Front government in the preservation of order. Strikes have become endemic. One is rarely settled when another breaks out afresh. A merchant decides to resist, and immediately strong-arm methods, bombs and revolvers, are introduced to force his surrender.

The situation outside the cities is even worse. The heads of the Popular Houses, seats of the socialist-communist trades unions, exercise their abominable tyranny on the unfortunate land owners, who find themselves under the heel of an odious system of fines, seizures and petty vexations, obliged to give occupation to numbers of workers in excess of their needs, to pay them ridiculously large wages, to stand by helpless while their live-stock is stolen and their harvests destroyed.

The famous agrarian reform, the salient point of the program of the Popular Front, has not given, and never could give, any result whatsoever. To assure the success of any reform, order, social discipline and security are indispensable. There are none of these things in Spain.

The shameful assassination of Calvo Sotelo, head of the Monarchist Party, executed by policemen in uniform, who came to his apartment and took him by force, is proof positive that only one law functions in Spain,—that of the jungle. The government did nothing to prevent, or to punish, this ignominious outrage. When policemen turn to assassination, the limit of anarchy and crime is reached!

The serious insurrection which has just broken out is the direct consequence of this state of things. Many Spaniards are convinced that when a government thus ignores its essential tasks, insurrection is not only a right, but the most sacred of duties. There is an hour in the life of a people when guns go off of their own accord. That hour has struck in Spain. The present uprising must be considered not as a cause, but as an effect. This is the situation to which this unfortunate country has been brought by a Popular Front government, where the bourgeois and relatively moderate elements are always overpowered by the extremists.

This, then, is the outcome of class warfare, let loose by Moscow from one end of the Peninsula to the other, the outcome of the movement of the masses, from which the leaders pretended to draw their support. All this has given rise to such instability, to such disorder, that armed resistance has sprung up nearly everywhere. This resistance has taken the form of a military uprising, conformable to Spanish precedent and tradition. For every people reacts in its own way, according to its character, its temperament, its own nature, against any evil that seeks to overwhelm it. But reaction is inevitable as soon as the disease reaches a certain point of virulence. Nor would it fail to produce the very same effects with us also.

Even in Spain, where the lower classes are infinitely less numerous and powerful than in France, the Bolshevik virus injected into the nation provoked in its system a very violent reaction. The Soviets may try as they will, with great and renewed outlay of money, to intensify their propaganda. They will never succeed in implanting in the west of Europe an abominable régime made to order for a country half barbarous and savage, with only the rudiments of civilization, such as Russia!

—Raymond Recouly, in *Gringoire* (Paris).

The Essential Pearl

Would-be converts are often really horrified by the low level of "art" in our churches, plastic or musical; but so much has been written about this that I need not linger on it and need only express alike my love of the Liturgy (with all the implied consequences) and my loathing for "good taste," increasingly noticeable—I mean the good taste is—in convent chapels. I like a liturgical Altar: and Shrines in shocking "taste," full of model ships, artificial flowers, sham lace, wax ulcers, gold hearts, and pictures of St. Expeditus appearing in a fog to rescue the donor from a motor accident. Once, in a *very* Anglo-Catholic church I knew where I was—apart from the non-Catholic *smell*—the moment I found a picture of our Lady in Good Taste, not to mention a Children's Corner, complete with Little Chairs. . . . But this is nothing, I surmise, to ordinary honest Anglicans, compared with our unofficial yet tolerated prayer-books, not to mention hymns. They find them loose, exclamatory, not corresponding to emotions that they possess or that (they feel) anyone *ought* to allow himself to experience. They suffer too from our church offices that are divorced from the participation, save silent, of the Faithful. In a collective act of worship, they feel, all should be

able actively to co-operate, as indeed they had been accustomed to do. At Low Mass, no doubt, they may be able to consume their own smoke: but at High Mass, they do not at all see why they should be condemned to "listen to" a choir, skilled or not, singing motets that nobody even pretends to understand. Probably the "Liturgical Movement" will cure this.

More "humanly," it is probable that they will have been involved in active "church-work." Too often they come into a world where nothing is asked or expected of them save to contribute money. They ache with need for activity which nothing satisfies, and doubly so, if they see that much needs to be done which is not being done. Perhaps Catholic Action will take a hand here. It would take far too long to discuss the subtle question of how supernatural "piety" can co-exist with what seems to them flagrant neglect of the natural virtues, such as honesty or kindness or veracity, or lack of any interest in foreign missions or wide social philanthropy or even sense of justice. They feel often as if they were coming into a schematic, legalistic world, with no depth in it, no *juice* in it, so to say. It takes them long to see that in the past they suffered from the lack of "schematizability," if I may coin that word: their confused world was incapable of being "mapped": yet any *real country* is "mappable." Or again, to realize that no imaginable community can get along without rules, and that *any* ruling will probably irk them at first, and perhaps always, they having been accustomed to pick and choose just as they felt inclined to.

But one has to remember that Christ did not snap the bruised reed; nor extinguish the still smouldering wick, and that He spoke to them "as best they could hear." It is not our job merely to "get them out of that old state of mind," any more than a missionary among Zulus or Chinese has first to make the native's mind a *tabula rasa* (which no mind ever was or can become save in abstract theory). One has to find what was substantial and good in their minds, and foster it. Should we find that we have nothing to foster it *with*, we have to do what, as Catholics, we shall find the hardest thing of any—to make our individual and even collective Confiteor. They may be bringing something, such as the desire to "co-operate with the ecclesiastical apostolate" which is good (because the Holy See so passionately emphasizes it and its absolute necessity and its universal obligation), but which may worry us: and we may have possessed, but have neglected some good asset (like active participation in the Liturgy) to which they have always been accustomed. And in their practical products (*e. g.*, illustrated literature for children about Missions) they may have been far ahead of ourselves—and in England, though not in France nor in Germany or Holland, they undoubtedly are. It is for us not to make it harder than need be for them to win the Essential Pearl, and we can freely welcome their contribution towards its non-essential setting, art, for example, which may be so much better than anything we have, at least in the past, provided.

—C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J., in *The Clergy Review* (London), August.

Recent Events

New Superior of Maryknoll.

In July delegates of the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Society meeting in Hongkong, China, elected the Most Rev. Bishop James Edward Walsh Superior of their Society. He succeeds his revered namesake, Bishop James Anthony Walsh, founder and first Superior of Maryknoll, who died last April. Four consultors were elected to assist him: the Rev. James M. Drought, formerly of the Kaying Vicariate, China; the Rev. William F. O'Shea, formerly of the Kongmoon Vicariate, and at present Superior of the Venard Seminary at Scranton, Pa.; the Rev. John J. Considine, formerly of the Fides News Service in Rome, and the Rev. Thomas V. Kiernan, a missionary in the Wuchow Prefecture, China. Fathers Drought and Considine have been at Maryknoll, N. Y., for the past few years.

The new Superior of the flourishing American Foreign Mission Society has made history in the field afar. He was one of the first group of four to go to China from Maryknoll in 1918. The Rev. Thomas F. Price, co-founder of the Society, was head of that pioneer band. He died the following year and Father Walsh, then only twenty-eight, was placed in charge. He opened the first Maryknoll missions in South China at Yeungkong and Loting, and in 1921 started Wuchow which is now a separate Apostolic Prefecture. Three years later he was named Prefect Apostolic of Kongmoon, the first American-born priest to hold such an office in China, and when he was consecrated a Bishop in 1927, he became the first American Bishop in China.

Except for a brief visit to this country in 1929 to attend the first General Chapter of his Society at Maryknoll, Bishop Walsh has labored in China since he went there with the pioneer group in 1918. The territory committed to him as Bishop covers some 20,000 square miles, and has about 8,500 Catholics. During the eleven years of his episcopal rule over 5,000 baptisms have been registered.

Bishop Walsh will receive a hearty welcome when he returns to this country and to Maryknoll. He was born in Cumberland, Md., in 1891. He has a brother and a cousin in the Society, and three sisters in different religious communities in this country. The Bishop will be called upon to direct the destiny of a Society of over a thousand members, of whom there are in the mission field, 165 priests and over 200 Sisters.

The Catholic World extends to Bishop Walsh congratulations and all good wishes that he may continue the success of his illustrious predecessor.

Monsignor Kerby

Many phases of Catholic life are the poorer for the death on July 28th of the Right Rev. Msgr. William J. Kerby. The list of his activities and achievements in his

sixty-six years of life must be necessarily inadequate to measure his service to the Church in America.

After completing his studies and being ordained in 1892, and then doing graduate work at the Catholic University, in Berlin and at Louvain, he returned to the Catholic University (after a short sojourn at Columbia College, Dubuque) to teach sociology. He was a leading figure in the life of the University ever since that time.

When Trinity College for women near-by was founded in 1900, Dr. Kerby became closely identified with its work, and served as its chaplain, a post which he held until his final illness. It was for that reason that he selected the beautiful chapel of Trinity College for his investiture as a Domestic Prelate two years ago, and after his death his body rested there for a few hours before the train took him to Sioux City in his native State of Iowa. With the late Bishop Shahan he helped to organize the National Conference of Catholic Charities in 1910, and was its secretary for the next ten years. When the National Catholic School of Social Service was established in Washington, again he was active in its founding, and was its director from 1924 to 1929. He helped to found the National Catholic War Council in the World War days, which later became the present National Catholic Welfare Conference.

He was Editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* from 1927 until his death. Three Presidents designated him as a member of the Board of Charities of the District of Columbia. He was recognized as one of the great outstanding authorities in this country on sociology and social service work.

The National Conference of Catholic Charities, meeting in Seattle early in August, went on record as paying tribute to Monsignor Kerby as "the pioneer of organized Catholic Charities in the United States." They further acknowledged gratefully "his contribution in laying deep and well its foundation in love of God and neighbor." He was indeed loved and respected by all who came within his influence.

The Very Rev. Dr. John J. Burke, C.S.P., a close friend for many years of Monsignor Kerby, said of him: "The great characteristic of Father William J. Kerby was his personal priestly integrity. No man realized more deeply the responsibility of the individual to God. The acceptance of this truth, with all that meditation upon it unfolded to him, was the guiding star of Father Kerby's life. . . . The fields of his activities were many. The number of those whom he trained and inspired is large. The work that he has done will have a still greater influence on the life of the Church in this country, and on the country itself as the years pass."

Another tribute was paid to him by the venerable Monsignor Edward A. Pace, Vice-Rector of the Catholic University, an associate of Monsignor Kerby during all his University career. "Now that his earthly life is closed," he said, "we may dwell with thankfulness upon his example, a precious inheritance, and cherish his memory as one among those of whom saith the Spirit 'that they may rest from their labors for their works do follow them.'"

With his teaching and all his other activities, Monsignor Kerby found time to write several books which are a lasting memorial to his spirit. For his Louvain degree he

wrote in French, *Socialism in the United States*. Later followed *The Social Mission of Charity*, and *Prophets of the Better Hope*. He found time, also, to conduct retreats for priests in many dioceses of the country, and he was constantly lecturing and making addresses to various groups of social workers.

The Paulist Fathers and THE CATHOLIC WORLD have lost a loyal and devoted friend. We pray earnestly that his noble soul may rest in peace.

CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN

THE régime in power in Spain has had a restless time of it since last December when extreme Republicans, Socialists, Syndicalists and Anarchists formed a minority coalition and took control under President Azaña. Monarchists, conservative Republicans, the Catholic Acción Popular party, and other minor groups, formed the opposition. In the middle of July revolt flared up in several provinces. Ministries changed in quick succession. A sizable army gathered in the north and marched toward Madrid. From the south and east other rebel armies converged on the Capital. In Madrid itself there was considerable bloodshed as rival factions clashed in the streets, but at this writing the rebels have not dislodged the Government.

From the beginning of the hostilities, partisans of this anti-clerical government, turned their fury against the Church. At the end of July a decree was issued by the Ministry of Education authorizing all governors and mayors throughout the country to confiscate all buildings with their equipment belonging to religious orders. *The New York Times* for August 5th, carried what it called an "uncensored dispatch" that had come through London. These few sentences are taken from it: "No Masses were said Sunday, July 26, in any parish church in Madrid. . . . At Al Escurial a priest was saying Mass when a group of armed men seized him and dragged him away. . . . The Collegiate Church of Alcala with all it contained is destroyed. . . . The Dominican Monastery at Atocha was invaded, but it is not known what has become of the jeweled image of the Virgin of Atocha, one of the six great shrines of Our Lady Immaculate in Spain. It may be safe for it has survived many disasters. . . . All Madrid's clubs, most of the palaces of the nobility and many convents and churches have been 'occupied,' and armed guards have been placed over them. They are earmarked for party or trade union purposes. . . . Priests were flying for their lives and many lost them."

A dispatch to the N. C. W. C. News Service about the same time said that with the exception of the Cathedral and the Capuchin Church in Barcelona, all the churches, convents, monasteries, religious schools and private chapels in that city, "have gone up in flames in one of the most tremendous holocausts of religious edifices known in history." It was reported also that scores of priests, monks and nuns had been killed and the rest were in hiding. The Bishop of Barcelona embarked on an Italian steamer for Rome.

The *Literary Digest* spoke of peasants, youth and elders, flocking to the rebels "in a crusade for a 'Holy Catholic Spain,' and a mop-up of 'Godless Marxists.'" However, there is a large Fascist ele-

ment among the insurgents which will probably dominate if the rebels are successful. The Catholic Party is necessarily striving to save the Church from its avowed enemies who are now in power, but as the *Osservatore Romano* states: "The Church is not committed to either of the two parties in conflict. Neither Catholic Action nor the Catholic political organizations are in the slightest degree involved. This is affirmed by more than authoritative declaration; it is affirmed by facts that cannot be denied."

Already there has been a fearful loss of life in this civil warfare. The Associated Press reported that "Red Cross officials estimated today (August 3d), that 35,000 persons had been killed so far in the most savage revolt in Spanish history." Our Ambassador to Spain, Claude G. Bowers, took refuge on the Coast Guard Cutter *Cayuga*, and carried on his official duties lying off shore. The U. S. Cruiser *Quincy* was ordered to take aboard all Americans who wished to leave the country, and the U. S. Steamer *Exeter*, coming from Italy was ordered to stop at Barcelona and it brought a number of fugitives to this country.

Montgomery Carmichael

Just as we are going to press news has reached us of the sudden death at Montecatine, Italy, on August 6th of Montgomery Carmichael. We shall hope to carry in an early issue an appreciation of his life and writings.

May his soul rest in peace!

Our Contributors

JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J., shows himself a man of varied interests in "A Comparative View of Agrarianism," so different from his first article, "Dreizehnlinden Weber," which appeared in our Ball and the Cross Department in January, 1935. Mr. Fichter is a Jesuit scholastic who traveled much in Canada and in the rural districts of this country before entering the Society. He has been working for his M.A. in Philosophy and Latin at St. Louis University, is on the staff of the *Modern Schoolman* and a contributor to *America, The Commonweal, The Sign,* etc.

A FORMER contributor, RAPHAEL JOHNSON ("The Forbidden Lane") returns to us after an absence of sixteen years. In the interim, his occupations have been manifold. He has traveled extensively in this country and in the Orient, and at present most of his time is given to the writing of fiction, of which he hopes to make a profession. His stories have appeared in *Columbia, The Sign,* and *Extension.* Mr. Johnson lives in Dorchester, Mass., and is an alumnus of Boston College in its early days at Chestnut Hill.

READERS of EUPHEMIA V. R. (MRS. CHRISTOPHER) WYATT'S charming "Celts and Taxis" in our November, 1933, number will relish another trip in her company, this time into Mexico from "Nogales to Guaymas." Doubtless it is Mrs. Wyatt's cultivated dramatic sense which makes her such an alluring traveling companion.

GRACE H. SHERWOOD confesses that she just had to write "In Defense of Larks" when she finished reading Eleanor Downing's "On Night Owls" in the April number. It would seem to us that a life of single blessedness is to be recommended for all Owls and Larks. Mrs. Sherwood is an occasional contributor to many periodicals, secular and Catholic. She is the author of *The Oblates' Hundred Years.*

HAVING recently returned from a trip to Palestine during which he collected some valuable material, D. HAROLD HICKEY, M.A., PH.D., espouses "The Palestinian Arab Cause." Dr. Hickey holds his degrees from Boston University. He is a clergyman, a writer on travel, social and literary subjects and a lecturer on current topics. This is his first appearance in THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

AMY BROOKS (MRS. CHARLES D.) MAGINNIS ("Stranger than Fiction") is an occasional contributor of verse and fiction to our pages as well as to other Catholic magazines. She is the wife of the distinguished Boston architect, himself a writer.

PROFESSOR in the English Department of the University of Arizona for the past sixteen years, WILLIAM JOHN TUCKER has been writing illuminating articles of literary and educational interest for us for the past decade. Born in Ireland, he has lived and taught in many coun-

tries of the world. He is the author of *College Shakespeare*, and one of the most sought-after lecturers in the West.

DAN W. GILBERT ("Capitalists, Colleges, and Communism"), who has had bitter personal experience of the evils of godless education, devotes his time and talent to its reform. He is the author of several books on the subject, some of them being the development of articles which he contributed to our pages. His work has provoked controversy in the Catholic press, but if his manner of writing is sometimes extreme, his cause is very sound.

ANOTHER distinguished newcomer this month is the REV. JOHN F. MCCORMICK, S.J. ("Philosophy Looks at Life"), a past President of the American Catholic Philosophical Society, formerly Professor and Head of the Department of Philosophy in Marquette University, Milwaukee, and at present Professor and Chairman of the Department of Philosophy, Loyola University, Chicago. He is the author of two works in his field, *Scholastic Metaphysics* and *Natural Theology*.

L. V. JACKS, PH.D. ("Turning Back the Clock"), a new contributor though one well known in the literary world, is at present Head of the classical Department in Creighton University, Omaha, where he teaches Greek language and literature, Latin, and Greek Archæology. He writes when he has leisure from teaching and his work has been published by *Scribner's*, *Collier's*, *The Catholic Educational Review*, etc. His fourth book, *Mother Marianne of Molokai*, appeared last year.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL ("Bread") is an old friend and one of many talents. Essayist, poet and novelist, she is also an artist and had an interesting exhibition of her paintings in June last at the Studio Guild Galleries. Miss Sholl is one of the editors of *Wisdom*, the organ of the Trinity League, a society founded to combat atheism.

WE wonder if the sterner sex is, perchance, deserting the muse? Again this month our poets are all women, and there are no strangers among them. CLARE NICHOLL ("From Quiet Homes . . .") finds inspiration in one of Belloc's lovely lines. An Englishwoman living in Buckinghamshire, her own quiet home is charmingly named "Christmas Cottage." MARGARET MUNSTERBERG's "Lament for Chesterton" is worthy of the gallant spirit that called it forth. ELIZABETH ANN CHRISTMAN ("On Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony"), a former contributor to our Ball and the Cross Department, graduated *cum laude* from Webster College, Webster Groves, last year. SISTER M. THÉRÈSE, SOR.D.S., touches on the "deeper places" of friendship in "Now There Is Beauty."

New Books

Dictionnaire de Spiritualité. Edited by Marcel Viller, S.J.—The Battleground: Syria and Palestine. By Hilaire Belloc.—The Future of Bolshevism. By Waldemar Gurian.—Education with a Tradition. By M. O'Leary, Ph.D.—The Church in France, 1848-1907. By C. S. Phillips, M.A., D.D.—A Further Range. By Robert Frost.—God: His Existence and His Nature. By R. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P.—Man the Unknown. By Alexis Carrel.—The Story of Congress. By Ernest Sutherland Bates.—Le Souverain Captif. By André Tardieu.—The Bedside Book of Famous American Stories. Edited by Angus Burrell and Bennett A. Cerf.—Propaganda and the News. By Will Irwin.—La Pensée de Machiavel en France. By Albert Cherel.—Elizabethan Women. By Gamaliel Bradford.—Italy in the Making: June, 1846-January, 1848. By G. F.-H. and J. Berkeley.—Shorter Notices.—Pamphlet Publications.

Dictionnaire de Spiritualité, Ascétique et Mystique, Doctrine et Histoire. Publié sous la direction de Marcel Viller, S.J. Assisté de F. Cavallera et J. de Guibert, S.J. avec le concours d'un grand nombre de Collaborateurs. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne et ses fils.

Five fascicles of the Dictionnaire de Spiritualité have now appeared, bringing it down to the word *"Bibliothèques."* The complete work then, will surely be much larger than the publishers foresaw when they announced that it would comprise about twenty fascicles. That the original plan has been thus generously extended is a cause of common satisfaction to Catholics everywhere. Once completed, it will be a great monument and, in all likelihood, will not be recast for many years to come. Everyone desires therefore, that it should attain a high level of excellence. The price of that excellence will be the maintaining of a wide, truly catholic editorial outlook.

It would be impossible here even to name the numerous articles in the five issues already published, which would make valuable little books: *Ascèse*, for example (over 40,000 words); *Benôit (Saint) et Bénédictins* (38,000 words); *Abandon* and *Anges* (each over 20,000 words); *Amitié* (over 15,000); *Art et Spiritualité* (about 20,000); *Augustin (Saint)* and *Alphonse de Liguori (Saint)* (each over 16,000). An example of thoroughness of treatment is the article *Ame* by Père Reypens (about 20,000 words). It describes the views of different teachers, from pre-Augustine times down to the present day, and concludes with a summary of the recent scientific syntheses presented by Père Maréchal and Père Gardeil, whose systems, combined with that of Ruysbroeck, should provide a theory sufficiently comprehensive to interpret the doctrines of all the great mystics.

An article, sure to attract particular attention is *Anglicane (Spiritualité)*, which the editors assigned to F. P. Harton, Warden of the (Anglican) Sisters of Charity, Knowle, Bristol. Another article, in fascicle I., *Accroissement des Vertus*, is noteworthy because it inspired fair hopes that the Dictionnaire would hold to a policy consistently gener-

ous, scrupulously just. This article was assigned to two writers, a Dominican and a Jesuit, in order that they might fairly present the Thomistic and the Suarèzian theory, respectively.

From the high standard of these beginnings, however, later issues of the Dictionnaire have departed. They are less catholic, much more provincial. Now, even though the treasures of Catholic spirituality are so largely in the French language, and the list of our spiritual writers is made up mainly of French names, this will not justify a nationalistic outlook. In England complaint has been made of inadequate treatment given to subjects such as English Monastic History, and English Spiritual Literature.

A more serious criticism is occasioned by the fact that the only notice thus far given to America, is the unfortunate article on "Americanism" (about 7,000 words) by Père G. de Pierrefeu, S.J., *professeur au scolasticat.* It is of a nature to raise a question about the intellectual honesty of the author and the competence of the editor. If Père de Pierrefeu is able to read English, he gives no evidence of it here. With the exception of the *Catholic Encyclopedia,* his bibliography contains not one item in English, except a sketch of Father Hecker by a Protestant author. All his other items, except one from Bordeaux and one from Cologne, were published in Paris.

In a spirit, quite foreign to a work such as the Dictionnaire professes to be, Père de Pierrefeu sets himself to the task of misrepresenting Father Hecker, making large use of the Papal Encyclical, *Testem Benevolentiæ,* but departing widely from the spirit and language of Leo XIII. Pope Leo very carefully defined what he meant by "Americanism" and then proceeded to point out its censurable elements. P. de Pierrefeu, however, devotes most of his article to showing in how many different ways he believes an individual person,—Father Hecker,—to be alien to the spirit and the doctrine of the Catholic Church. In general P. de Pierrefeu follows the method of first describing an error, and then affirming or suggesting that Father Hecker is guilty of it. He provides the reader with no justifying references, makes repeated gratuitous assumptions, overlooks obvious distinctions, and frequently offers us a conclusion much wider than his premises.

Any beginner in logic could point out to him the difference between saying "This tendency, if carried too far, will become an error," and saying "This is an error." P. de Pierrefeu should keep in mind that wise rule of M. Gilson quoted in this same fascicle (*s. v. Allemande—Spiritualité*), "In order to understand a writer, one should never isolate any of his phrases from the context nor interpret them independently of his whole work. Otherwise one would find false doctrine in the greatest Doctors and in the Scripture itself." And he should reflect on the fine principle formulated by St. Ignatius Loyola: "Let it be assumed that every good Christian is more ready to save his neighbor's proposition than to condemn it."

This article brings its author no credit. It is an *exemplum horrendum* in logic, in scholarship, in Christian charity. The editors and publishers of the Dictionnaire will have done little honor to themselves and a poor service to the cause of

Catholic spirituality, if they present it as the sum total of their report on all that part of the Church which lies west of the Atlantic Ocean.

J. McS.

The Battleground: Syria and Palestine. By Hilaire Belloc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.00.

Like every book of Mr. Belloc's which sums up the history of a period or a country, this review of Syria and Palestine results from the reading of many books, well chosen and well digested. The author's learning is enormous, his style always rich, poetic, picturesque. Like other books of his, too, this makes its best appeal as literature, rather than as history, being filled with generalizations, sweeping statements, and many a sentence difficult to understand, many an affirmation impossible to prove.

Here, however, readers may gather in delightful fashion the fascinating and almost unbelievably significant story of that little stretch of land at the eastern end of the Mediterranean, which has been the battleground of warring nations and contending civilizations from the coming of Abraham's father into Haran down to the contemporary conflicts between Jew and Arab in the precincts of the British mandate and the clash of East and West in the Syrian Republics. No writer more successfully than Mr. Belloc has introduced us to the characteristics of the land itself and to all the tremendous importance of its long story. We have here the tale of the early settlement and the ancient wars; the preaching of the Gospel and the theological controversies; the story of the Mohammedan march of conquest; the prophetic "Farewell Syria" of Heraclius who so nearly saved the East, the romantic adventure of the Crusades and the final complete decay of what once had been so great. But the end of the story is not yet.

Mr. Belloc persuades us, that Syria promises to be the stage of still new conflicts, now that the Jewish immigrants in Palestine are pitted against "the fierce hostility of the Moslem world." Of that hostility the author says in his concluding words, "if we ignore it we are ignoring something which may change our fate."

J. McS.

The Future of Bolshevism. By Waldemar Gurian. New York: Sheed & Ward. $1.50.

For some time past many thinking people have been puzzled at their inability to discover the essential difference between Russian Bolshevism and German Nazism. Now comes a book from a recognized authority in this field, to tell us that there is no essential difference. These are two contemporary manifestations of the same underlying spirit. The only difference is superficial, accidental, historical. In Russia that spirit found a society less well prepared for its advent,—found its progress checked and sternly limited by existing conditions. It has, in consequence, greatly modified its original program, and compromised with the bourgeois world. In Germany, on the other hand, where conditions were more favorable, national socialism is putting into practice effectively the Bolshevik ideology. In Germany therefore, rather than in Russia, is Bolshevism developing towards full stature. In the coming history of Germany one may read the future of Bolshevism.

Essential Bolshevism holds that "the solution of all problems is to be found in the political and social sphere." Whatever the party in control of the State does is good. That and only that is to be regarded as an expression of human progress, as the proper next step towards freedom and justice. Around the political and social center human existence revolves and the leader decides all vital human issues. "He knows what his followers want and they must obey him . . . the man who can enforce his will is in the right."

The author alludes to the claim that the National Socialists are the bulwark of the nation against Bolshevism. Catholic writers, for example, Lortz, regard National Socialism as an enemy of secularization. Those observers are misled by superficial differences between the two systems. In reality, Nazism is making use of anti-Marxism to secure support which it then exploits for its own ends. Men like Herr von Papen who regard National Socialism as a sort of conservative revolution are taking account only of its professed tenets, not realizing that these are merely means of controling the herd instincts.

Nazism professes to be anti-Marxist and anti-Bolshevist, but this propaganda cloaks a Bolshevist political technique and Nazism rules by methods identical with those employed by the Bolsheviks. Going even farther than Russian Bolshevism which intolerably limits the scope of human reason, Nazism no longer even recognizes any rights of reason as such. Reason it looks upon as a mere instrument of propaganda, a means of winning and keeping power.

The final chapter is indeed disturbing. It tells us that unlike Russian Bolshevism, Nazism will not be satisfied with the possession of sovereignty in the land of its origin,—it aims at the production of an ideal peace which consists of "the supremacy of the best race and the best nation."

Germany has faith in its vocation to produce its own type of European hegemony. The bourgeois world seems almost helpless. "Its dread of making decisions paralyzes its power of action. It dare not risk its existence; and therefore looks on helpless and inert, while that existence is being gradually undermined." J. McS.

Education with a Tradition. An Account of the Educational Work of the Society of the Sacred Heart. By M. O'Leary, Ph.D., M.A. With a Preface by F. A. Cavenagh, M.A., Professor of Education in the University of Reading. London: University of London Press.

This is not only an interesting and highly readable book, but an extremely important contribution to the history of education and the literature of educational method. Primarily an account, as the subtitle states, of the work of the teaching order founded by St. Madeleine Sophie Barat, it is in reality much more than that. For it not only endows the portrait of an organization with all the engagingly admirable characteristics of a great personality, but sets that portrait against the perspective of the French teaching tradition, already ancient when the foundation was made, and that tradition is linked with the immemorial attitude of the Church in the matter of education.

The early chapters, which are de-

voted to the tradition of which the Sacred Heart method is in one sense a development, are concerned with giving credit to the predecessors of St. Madeleine Sophie in the field, and they abound in the interest which attaches to the famous establishments here described, such as Abbaye aux Bois and St. Cyr, to the achievements of the Jesuits, the Christian Brothers, the Nuns of Port Royal and the Ursulines, and to such distinguished exponents of pedagogical theory as Rollin. But the realization of the extent to which the Sacred Heart method is part of a great tradition has not prevented the author of this book from making abundantly clear the extent to which the method was fashioned by a pedagogical genius who was at the same time a saint, the extent to which her method has in turn established a living, growing tradition.

Naturally, therefore, the chapters in which are briefly set forth the story of the founding and spread of the Society, the fashioning and functioning of the Plan, have the interest that results from first-hand knowledge and personal experience. The book has the further advantage of being written from the standpoint of one who knows thoroughly the field of which she writes, who far from having been narrowed by the fact that she is a member of an enclosed Order, is completely aware of contemporary problems, particularly those which are stirring the educational world. The book, which might so easily have been a dull though scholarly dissertation on what is after all a profound subject, is colorful and alive, especially in those pages which show the Order at work in various parts of the world, adapting itself to local needs and to changing times, yet always remaining essentially the same. In short there could not be a more concrete demonstration of the quality of St. Madeleine Sophie's achievement than this learned and very human book. B. M. K.

The Church in France, 1848-1907. By C. S. Phillips, M.A., D.D. London: The Macmillan Co. $6.00.

Dr. Phillips, well known for his earlier volume on the *History of the Church in France, 1789 to 1848*, now continues the story up to the annulment of the Concordat with the Holy See. Relying largely upon Weill and Lacanuet and supplementing these writers sufficiently with other authorities, he has produced a most interesting, and, generally speaking, a reliable account of those important years.

He sets the famous *Loi Falloux* in a framework of events which brings its significance out in strong relief. He traces with skill and patience, various elements of the tangled situation which involved Lamennais, Veuillot, Lacordaire, Montalembert, Dupanloup and other less noted men. He is careful in his statement of facts, but he often speaks as if he took it for granted that the fundamental principle of Catholic belief is wrong. What if it should be right?

Dr. Phillips would be better advised to confine himself more strictly to the proper task of an historian, and give himself less liberty in theorizing as to motives. He is especially quick to blame and especially niggardly of praise when dealing with the actions of the Holy See. Intervening history has shown that Pius IX. was well justified in his refusal to take at their face value, the professions made by self-styled progressives. Have the opponents

of the Holy See, when in power, shown themselves to be real lovers of human liberty, or done as much as Rome itself has done to protect the weak against oppression and to defend human rights?

To get a more objective view of the whole situation the reader should supplement this volume with others, as for example, *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival*, by Wilfrid Ward, and Dr. McCaffrey's *History of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century*.

J. McS.

A Further Range. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50.

Robert Frost securely established his reputation with his first three books, which were published between 1913 and 1916. Since then his *New Hampshire* (1923) and *West-running Brook* (1928) gave many readers an uneasy feeling that he was not so serenely sure of himself as he once had been. A Further Range though, as its name implies, it takes in new poetic territories, regains the old confidence. Time after time Frost writes a poem that surprises because of its new subject and the freshness with which it is handled. Among these might be mentioned "The Gold Hesperides," "The Old Barn at the Bottom of the Fogs," "Leaves Compared with Flowers," and (perhaps best of them all) "Clear and Colder." Of course it would be too much to expect that the poet, who is now over sixty, should be able to accomplish now all that was in his power twenty years ago; but there is no falling off in originality, and whatever he writes is unmistakably his own, seen with his own eyes and expressed with an easy colloquial grace that manages to be at the same time racy, whimsical, and wise.

He has always been a pastoral poet, a kind of New England Theocritus. In one poem, read on May 31, 1932, at Columbia, before the National party convention of that year, for the first time he adopts the Theocritan device (as taken over by Vergil) of a conversation between Tityrus and Melibœus. It has the advantage of being written by a man who is a farmer, even if he says of himself:

> "You live by writing
> Your poems on a farm and call that farming."

This "political pastoral" is one of the best things, in my opinion, that Robert Frost has ever done. He calls it his "five year plan," not because "it takes ten years or so to carry out, rather because it took five years at least to think it out." The whole book in which it appears adds another cubit to the stature of the most beloved of all America's poets.

T. M.

God: His Existence and His Nature. By Rev. R. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P. Translated by Dom Bede Rose, O.S.B., D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. Vol. I., $3.00; Vol. II., $4.00.

This translation is made from the fifth French edition of a treatise now some twenty years old, which was itself a development of the article *Dieu*, written for the *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la foi Catholique*. Volume I. studies the first principles of philosophy and their bearing on the classical proofs of God's existence. Those proofs rest ultimately on what is commonly

called the "Principle of Contradiction," the fundamental law of thought as well as of reality. The author shows that patient analysis of the data of common sense will lead the mind to the alternative, God or absurdity. In the first chapter he tells us "what the Catholic Church teaches about God's existence and His Nature, and the knowledge which we can have of Him by means of the natural light of reason"; in the second chapter he discusses the possibility of proving the existence of God; and in the third, he studies the traditional proofs as set forth in the famous "Third Article" of St. Thomas, showing how these proofs follow from the first principles of reason.

Not the least interesting part of the second volume is the series of appendices dealing with the principles of inertia and of the conservation of energy, with the analogical notion of being, with pantheism in its various forms and with a new presentation of the theory of the *Scientia Media*.

In his discussion of the apparent antinomies of the divine nature the author, defending the Thomistic solution, affirms that agnostics have this in common with Scotists that both begin by misunderstanding the infinite difference between analogy and univocation.

By way of epilogue, P. Garrigou-Lagrange publishes the conclusion of the controversy on grace, carried on from 1925 to 1927 in the *Revue Thomiste* and the *Revue de Philosophie*.

These volumes might well serve as a model of the logical method and perfect clarity which are characteristic of the Scholastic tradition. The subject is metaphysical to be sure, the problems are serious and the objections to the thesis are many and varied. But there is never any doubt as to the author's conclusion, never any unbridged and disregarded gap between one step of his argument and the next. There are no missing links. There are, however, some obvious imperfections, due to the work of the translator. J. McS.

Man the Unknown. By Alexis Carrel. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.

Alexis Carrel, the eminent surgeon and scientist of the Rockefeller Institute, won the Nobel Prize in 1912 for his success in suturing blood vessels and in the transplanting of organs. In his Man the Unknown he has attempted a difficult, nay, an impossible task as he himself declares. He writes that he has tried to confine all knowledge of man within the pages (322) of a small book; he has attempted to build up an intelligent synthesis of the data which we possess about ourselves, and to describe a large number of fundamental facts in a very simple manner. He is honest enough to admit that he has not succeeded.

The average reader of these meaty pages will learn a great deal about the body and its physiological activities—a good deal about modern progress in pathology, bacteriology, chemistry, immunology, biology, medicine, surgery. He may not relish the author's strictures upon democratic equality, the superficial character of our educational system, the ignorance of our political leaders, the prevalent low moral standards, the degeneracy of the Machine Age.

We were pleased to find Dr. Carrel defend the Catholic Church's veneration of the saints, the authen-

ticity of the miracles of Lourdes, the efficacy of prayer, the supremacy of Christian culture and morals. We were glad to find him denounce the harm done by Freud and the psychoanalysts, the rationalism and weak morality of present-day Protestantism, the standardization of men in modern industry, the sacrifice of moral dignity to economic interest.

He begins and ends his book with a plea for the creation of a scientific institute "capable of providing for the uninterrupted pursuit for at least a century of the investigations concerning man"; an institute "free from cheap publicity, as that of the Justices of the Supreme Court." Its province would include the study of the economic, sociological, psychological, physiological, and pathological phenomena manifested by the civilized nations.

A tall order this—for "the remaking of man" requires more than the study of scientific experts. It calls for the return of the apostate nations to the ethics and religion of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Catholicism would seem to be in Dr. Carrel's blood, but in a rather diluted form. B. L. C.

The Story of Congress. By Ernest Sutherland Bates. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.00.

There is no reason why anyone desirous of learning the history of Congress should acquire that knowledge from this account of it instead of George Rothwell Brown's *The Leadership of Congress*, except possibly that Brown's was published in 1923 and Bates's in 1936. It brings Brown's record up to date, but only in enumeration of things done, not in skill, finish or perception. The earlier work was thoughtful, analytical, philosophic, interpretative. Bates's is merely very pedestrian annals, year by year. Aware that this makes for dull reading, he seeks to brighten it up by incidents; so unskillfully, however, as to distort the perspective, giving, for instance, a large amount of space to an unimportant fist-fight and little more space to real events of the same year.

Whereas Brown's book was knowledgeable and accurate, Bates's is full of errors, and was evidently "got up" by mere reading—and not always right reading. This criticism ignores his getting historic names wrong and similar mistakes common in present-day "histories." To illustrate, in 1892 we were on the verge of war with Chile over an attack on American sailors in the streets of Valparaiso and Chile's refusal to apologize. In Bates's account of it he locates Valparaiso in Venezuela and has President Harrison making war preparations against that country. This might be a mere slip of the pen, but is not; for throughout he mixes the two South American republics inextricably. Too evidently he does not know one from the other.

He has Reed defeating Cannon for the Speakership, whereas it was McKinley whom Reed defeated; upon which Cannon becomes Reed's lieutenant during his term, whereas it was McKinley who did; and he has Cannon becoming heir to Reed's place, whereas Reed was succeeded by David B. Henderson. But his most majestic errors are made when he attempts a flight into thoughtful discussion, as when he seeks to expound why ours is not yet a government "by the people." He explains that the President is elected not by the people but by

the States, "in many of which, like New York, the representation is hopelessly gerrymandered." He actually knows so little about our electoral system as to suppose that a gerrymander can by any possibility affect a State's popular vote for President. It can affect the vote for Congressman or State legislator, but not for President, Senator, or Governor. C. W. T.

Le Souverain Captif. By André Tardieu. Collection "La Révolution a Refaire." Paris: E. Flammarion. 18 *fr.*

André Tardieu, eleven times minister of the Third Republic and three times *Président du Conseil*, has bade good-by to political life, so as to be free to criticize the pseudo-democracy of present-day France. Rarely does a French statesman of the ability and experience of Tardieu attack with such vehemence the men and the principles of 1789, or hack to pieces the three props of Republican France — Liberty, Equality and Sovereignty.

From 1880 to 1910 the desire to hinder the exercise of Catholicism was the axis of the Third Republic's internal policy. Not only was religious liberty denied, but civil liberty as well, *v. g.*, the liberty of association, of the press, of contract, of industrial and commercial transactions. Equality is also a myth, despite the lip service paid it by political stump speakers. Women are denied the vote, taxes are not allotted justly, the penal laws are unfair in their application as we learn from the Panama, Rochester, Hanan, Oustric and Stavisky trials, etc. Universal suffrage is another myth. Owing to exclusive laws, out of 40,000,000 Frenchmen only 11,500,000 have the right to vote, and 3,500,000 of these refuse to exercise their right. As a result, with a fairly even majority the people's representatives are elected by only ten per cent of the total population. The people of France, moreover, do not elect the President of the Republic, the prefects, or the judges. "They are subjects, not sovereigns. In all circumstances, it is the will of the Parliament which is effective; not the national will."

M. Tardieu promises us four other volumes to complete his study of parliamentary government in France. The dyed-in-the-wool politicians may call him a sorehead, angered because he has been blamed for bills he did not favor, and for policies he did not advocate. But they cannot deny his facts.

B. L. C.

The Bedside Book of Famous American Stories. Edited by Angus Burrell and Bennett A. Cerf. New York: Random House. $3.00.

Anthologies are notoriously unsatisfying. Everybody is certain to be more displeased over the things omitted than rejoiced over the things included. In line with that inevitable attitude the present reviewer laments certain omissions from **The Bedside Book**: Grace King, H. C. Bunner, Margaret Deland, among authors, and among stories, Hawthorne's masterpiece "Roger Malvin's Burial," Harte's "Brown of Calaveras," Poe's "Cast of Amontillado," Hamlin Garland's "Among the Corn Rows," Davis's "Gallagher," Willa Cather's "Coming, Aphrodite!," Edna Ferber's "The Eldest"—but why go on? If a man—or two men as in this case —is willing to risk inescapable damnation by producing an anthol-

ogy he deserves commendation for his temerity if for nothing else. As a matter of fact Messrs. Burrell and Cerf should not be limited to such negative praise, for the volume they have produced is good to look at, good to feel, and good to read. It contains sixty-seven short stories, varying in length from four to fifty-eight pages and running to a total of 1,273 pages. It reaches from Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, and Melville to Erskine Caldwell and William Saroyan, and the selection proves not only that intensely readable short stories are still being written in this country but that editors still survive whose taste is not so spoiled and whose nerves are not so jaded that only those stories count which are caviar to normal readers.

This collection may be approached from two different angles: if started at the beginning and taken in order the stories presented will show an extraordinary scope, a wide variety of moods, high technical skill, satisfying substance, and a steady quickening of tempo as they approach the present day. But the title of the book implies another method: they may be read at the end of a dull or busy day with no more scholarly purpose than to lose one's self and to find enjoyment, however brief, in other minds and far horizons. This collection admirably serves both purposes.

J. J. R.

Propaganda and the News. By Will Irwin. New York: Whittlesey House-McGraw Hill Book Co. $2.75.

Propaganda, says Will Irwin, before the World War meant simply the means employed to convince the unconverted. The War, changing so many other meanings, changed that one, and now the word "in loose, popular usage means the next thing to a damned lie." In loose, popular usage? After reading Mr. Irwin's thorough and able study of it, one inclines to think that the popular usage is not at all loose.

After the War a new power had come into being, or rather had been developed. Before it the Powers had "employed propaganda of a crude, archaic variety," but now this Stone Age tool is a great modern mechanism. If a diplomat was once one who lied abroad to serve his country, every interest of every kind now lies everywhere to serve itself. But Mr. Irwin is no denouncer, he is a dispassionate analyst, and "lie" is not various enough to describe all the degrees of propaganda. "One main device of good modern propaganda," he says, "is the half-truth." There are other gradations,—the partial suppression, the shaded emphasis, —into the creation of the desired false impression. The point is, however, that propaganda is now organized, is universal, is institutional, and has become a master rather than a servant, a mechanism rather than a mere tool.

Out of Mr. Irwin's innumerable illustrations, take the changing fortunes of the Italian front. Italy, he says, would probably have been defeated at Caporetto anyway, but its army would only have been defeated; it would not have collapsed on the field. In the following year the Italians attacked, and the Austrians too collapsed instead of being merely defeated; and again it was the result of enemy propaganda, only this year the enemy propagandists were on the other side.

The first principle of propaganda is "to create an atmosphere." That is, to lay the foundation and to prepare the public's mind and make it hospitable. At Versailles, for instance, in order to lull public opinion into accepting "the dangerous and uneconomic terms" of the treaty, the Allies "worked to maintain that white heat of hatred" which existed at the height of the War. In small matters as in that great one, the same principle of "atmosphere" continues to govern. Mr. Irwin's book is studious, exhaustive, and revealing. C. W. T.

La Pensée de Machiavel en France. By Albert Cherel. Paris: L'Artisan du Livre.

In this scholarly volume Professor Cherel of the University of Bordeaux outlines the history of Machiavelli's teaching in France from the sixteenth century to the twentieth. He proves that with some rare exceptions the kings, statesmen and writers of France for five centuries denounced as unethical and un-Christian the views advocated by Machiavelli in his *Principe* and his *Discorsi*. Among the exceptions we may mention Louis XIV., Mazarin, Amelot de la Haussaye, Descartes, Pascal, Napoleon I. and Napoleon III.

We need not marvel at France's rejection of the Florentine's pagan doctrines. We give a few samples: All men are wicked (*Principe:* XVII., XVIII.); they become good only when necessity urges them (XXIII.); virtue is identical with strength of body and soul (XII.); if practiced faithfully virtues are fatal to princes (XV.), who are successful only by adroit and opportune cruelty (VIII.), and by the trickery of the fox (XIX.); hypocrisy is often an asset, while loyalty to one's word is a liability; it is good to appear, but dangerous to be, virtuous; a prince is to be good or wicked according to the needs of the State (XVIII.); disregard justice or injustice if the safety of the State is imperiled; make use of everything that favors religion, even if you are aware of its falsity (*Disc.* I. 12), Christianity has made men less valiant and less liberty-loving; pagan virtue has been replaced by Christian vice (*Disc.* II. 1, 2).

And yet there are Italians to-day, like M. G. Prezzolini, writing in the *Revue de Genève*, who denounce as an "imbecile legend" the statement that Machiavelli is "the creator of the political lie and the inventor of Machiavellism." In his eyes Machiavelli was a wise observer of men, who recognized their wickedness and wished to "spiritualize" them by appealing to the force inherent in the State! B. L. C.

Elizabethan Women. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.00.

It is unlikely that this posthumous collection of twelve rather early essays will add to the reputation of Gamaliel Bradford. For while that indefatigable biographer liked to call Elizabethan drama the "land of my first love," and while a few of the studies — particularly those of the home and social life of Elizabethan women will reveal piquant and sometimes appalling details to those not too familiar with the local scene, they are scarcely memorable for any unusual charm or scholarship. In fact the Introduction ambitiously entitled "Elizabethan England," quite teems with questionable statements. In it we find the Middle Ages described as a

"time of stagnation," and the Tudors—of course "with the exception of Mary"—as "wise and prudent sovereigns." One hears virtually nothing of the crimes marking the English Reformation or the cruelty and rapacity of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; just the pleasant, superannuated myth that under Anne Boleyn's daughter "the strength and beauty of the English character burst into its full blossom."

This very Protestant bias Mr. Bradford quite outgrew in his mature work, so that it seems a pity to perpetuate it in so misleadingly handsome a volume. And it must be admitted that the discussions of the minor Elizabethan dramatists —beloved of Charles Lamb!—are only mildly interesting; while a study of "the Cleopatra of tragedy" which skips airily over Shakespeare to concentrate on Fletcher and Dryden's versions leaves the reader wondering. K. B.

Italy in the Making: June, 1846-January, 1848. By G. F.-H. and J. Berkeley. Cambridge University Press. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.00.

This is the story of a nineteenth century race between reform and revolution. Those who have not read the first volume will find a rapid recapitulation of preceding events in a sound introductory chapter.

The hero of this second volume is not Charles Albert of Sardinia but Pius IX. The latter's first act on ascending the papal throne was to grant a general amnesty to political offenders, whether in prison or exile. Within a few short years these liberal leaders, whose sins had been forgiven, became centers of dissatisfaction and rebellion in every one of the Papal States. These were the agitators who were noisiest and most peremptory in their clamor for a Civic Guard, which was nothing more or less than a Masonic ruse to put arms in the hands of the rebellious faction. When the Pontiff finally granted a consultative council, this liberal measure had the appearance of a concession extorted by force rather than that of a favor freely granted to the Roman populace. Pius regretfully observed that a single concession was often the signal for a hundred new demands.

Up to this point *"Viva Pio Nono"* had been the rallying cry of democratic liberalism. The Piedmontese faction, forerunner of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, had but a vacillating champion of nationhood in King Charles Albert. It was the dream of Msgr. Corboli-Bussi, one of the Pope's trusted advisers, that a customs union would pave the way for an Italian Federation stretching from the Alps to Sicily. At every step the support or opposition of Austria was a factor with which the papal diplomacy had to reckon. Seventy thousand imperial grenadiers held the Great Quadrilateral in the northern plains, key to the rich provinces of Lombardy and Venetia. It was necessary for His Holiness to remember that he was not only a patriotic citizen of Italy but also a spiritual ruler of world-wide authority. In the first capacity alone he might easily have led a national war of independence.

The authors of this volume carefully unwind the threads in the tangled skein of Peninsular politics. Nor do they forget the interest of Great Britain, France and Prussia in the problem. Without overburdening the narrative, enough

contemporary opinion in the shape of letters, speeches, newspapers is introduced to furnish an insight into the revolutionary technique. G. F.-H. and J. Berkeley, although British and non-Catholic, are scrupulously fair in evaluating the motives and attitudes of the diverse political and ecclesiastical personalities. It is clear that *Pio Nono*, as an apostle of orderly, stable progress, won their heartfelt admiration and love. The whole work is scholarly, informative and interesting.

The binding, paper, type and format are conspicuously elegant. The bibliography has been subjected to painstaking classification, while the index and appendices enhance the value of the book. Italy in the Making is an indispensable reference work for the teacher or student of modern European history.

J. F. T.

SHORTER NOTICES

FICTION: Gunnar's Daughter. By Sigrid Undset (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00). It is well for the admirers of Undset to be warned that this book which has recently appeared in her name is really an old book; it was published in 1909 as *Viga Ljot* and *Vigdis*, two years before the appearance of *Jenny*, her first success, and fifteen years before her conversion to Catholicism. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that this grim medieval romance shows little more than a glimmering—a sort of before the dawn glow—of the spiritual illumination of her later work. Gunnar's Daughter is remarkable chiefly because of its powerful and sustained narrative quality, well preserved in the sensitive translation of Arthur G. Chater. Giving a modern touch to a bygone era, Undset recalls the period of transition from the Age of the Vikings to the Christianity of Olav, with the consequent emergence of understanding and altruism from pagan egoism. She tells a primitive story of mixed love and hatred, of passionate violence and regret, of friendship and fortitude and slaughter and endurance; and of a longed-for vengeance which came after the desire for it had been outgrown.

The Iron Will. By Margaret Culkin Banning (New York: Harper & Bros. $2.00). Brigid Temple, beautiful and nearly-spoiled darling, heiress to a colossal fortune, is startled from the pleasant unrealities of her gilded existence by the stoppage of her hitherto unlimited income. She finds the cause to be a critical battle waging between the state and the mining companies to which her mines are leased, about the payment of taxes. Operation has been suspended on many of the mines, and virtually everyone in the state is affected. Thus threatened with the loss of her possessions, Brigid makes a hasty trip from Paris to Minnesota, and rushes headlong into the fray, where she comes to a new understanding of the world about her. She is piloted throughout by the charming, if somewhat fictional, Peter Harlow. The minor characters are well drawn. The slender love theme is but a silken thread on which Mrs. Banning strings a really interesting and informative presentation of specific economic problems of the iron region. It is gratifying that

this popular author has at last called into use some of her sub-surface talents.

Let the King Beware. By Honoré Morrow (New York: William Morrow & Co. $2.50). Mrs. Morrow takes us back to 1775 when the drums of freedom were muttering in the distance. A tale of the American Revolution, the entire scene is laid in England at the Court of George III. and seen through the eyes of a Massachusetts Tory. The manner in which America, though off stage, yet dominates the book is clever, and the inevitability of the historical outcome is always apparent. The King and his ministers are sympathetically drawn and in Tristram Amory, the hero, the forces of the new world are tellingly depicted as they impinge upon the old. As an unusual view of familiar historical events the book is distinctly interesting, the full length portrait of Benjamin Franklin is well done, and the sense of historical proportion is excellent. As a novel it leaves something to be desired. The love interest is a milk and water affair and none of the characters have the lustiness necessary to make them live. But the perfect historical novel is rare and if Mrs. Morrow has sacrificed her story to her history she has still given us an all-round readable book.

Massabielle ou La Joie de Lourdes. By Louis Lefebvre (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 15 *fr.*). A fascinating novel this by the well-known poet, Louis Lefebvre. It tells of the power of Lourdes to win souls from sorrow and unbelief by the graces the Mother of God abundantly bestows upon those who come day by day imploring her help and blessing. A charming story told by a master of French prose.

MISCELLANEOUS: **The Catholic Revival in Italy, 1815-1915.** By H. L. Hughes, D.Litt. (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 6 *s.*). In this book a writer particularly well equipped for his task, describes the last period of the Papal Kingdom. He makes plain how inevitable its destruction was,—when the Pope had to choose between leading revolutionary freethinkers against Catholic Austria, or preparing the way for his own dethronement by opposing Italian aspirations for independence. In easy familiar style, these pages introduce the reader to persons who played leading parts in those dramatic days; and then to others who during the closing years of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth, contributed to the Catholic revival. The book is well divided, the tale is simply told, the bibliography well selected. A helpful chronological table is provided. One closes the volume wishing that Father Hughes had continued the story beyond 1915 to include the events which immediately preceded the signing of the Lateran Treaty between the Pope and Mussolini in 1929.

The Return to Religion. By Henry C. Link (New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75). The author of this book, Director of the New York Psychological Service Center, is humble enough to tell us twice that his own return to religion is unimportant. He was brought up a Methodist, abandoned his Christianity at college, and regained it through the exercise of his profession, psychology. A typical Protestant, he believes in God and the Ten Commandments, and accepts the Church as an "imperfect" vehicle of religious truths.

He is not so humble when he de-

clares that his interpretation of his clients' struggles, despairs and successes may be of major importance. On the contrary we found nothing new in his psychological discoveries, and nothing helpful in the undogmatic Y. M. C. A. religion he offers as a relief to distressed souls. A strange world indeed which repudiates the priest as confessor and spiritual director, and accepts as guide a well-meaning but unspiritual man.

Negro History in Thirteen Plays. By Willis Richardson and May Miller (Washington, D. C.: The Associated Publishers. $3.25). Four plays by three other authors as well as those listed on the title page complete the thirteen which, as Mr. Carter Woodson explains in the preface, are an attempt to dramatize the history and achievements of the Negro race. "The playwrights represented," says he, "have the vision of the Negro in the new day." He hopes that it is the beginning of a native Negro theater and literature. The plays are all in one act and range from one for children about the family of Simon of Cyrene called *Calvary*, to Toussaint l'Ouverture, the liberator of San Domingo; King Christophe of Haiti; the elder Dumas—who was a Creole; a Negro son of liberty in 1770 in Boston; a colored Cuban patriot; a tribal leader in Nigeria; and several about slavery in the South. *Sojourner Truth*, the story of the old black woman who goes to a New England Camp Meeting is one of the best. We doubt if *Menelik's Court* has a racial right in the collection, however, as the Ethiopians are Semitic. There is a strong current of idealism, loyalty and patience in suffering in all of the plays which gives them a strength beyond mere technique. They have none of the poetry of some folk drama nor any imaginative power, but are sound material for their purpose which is educational.

Travels in Two Democracies. By Edmund Wilson (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50). The striking thing about the baker's dozen articles in this book on contemporary America is that they are not representative. Hull House and Chicago in 1932, the nadir of the depression; the coal strikes in Illinois, Charles E. Mitchell's trial, the milk strike in New York State, these things are not the American norm. They are good reporting but they are one-sided and at best prove the United States no Utopia. The half dozen articles on Russia, though sympathetic, prove that the U. S. S. R. is no Utopia either, nor is it that fulfillment of the Marxian dream a "classless society." Soviet society is divided into Communists and others, a vital distinction. Mr. Wilson brings us back engaging pictures of Soviet manners and mentality but he cannot escape the shadow of Stalinism. Even in his pages Capitalistic America is a richly colored quilt where Communist Russia is a gray shroud. This juxtaposition of Capitalism and Communism is not the reviewer's but the author's. It is very obvious that Mr. Wilson has chosen the bright spots of one "Democracy" to contrast with the black spots of the other.

Logic in Theory and Practice. By Charles Gray Shaw (New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. $2.00). The reading of this volume stirs one to pity for any student who must use it as a text. Apparently the author took in hand some epitome of logic and then proceeded to expand it and

"jazz it up" according to his own ideas of what twentieth century students need. Among other gems, he presents this: "Our thinking rejoices so thoroughly in the sentiment of continuity that we cannot separate in space or fixate in time, divide or define in such a way as to pin ideas down to stated meanings." He is trying to say—we gather from the context—that it is impossible to discover precisely what he means. That makes it unanimous.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS: The Catholic Mind for June 8th presents a thoughtful article by Rev. Thomas J. Higgins, S.J., on "America's Challenge to Catholic Education," an appeal for an increase of "Catholic Girl Scouts" by Rev. Charles J. McGovern and a picture of the attitudes faced by "The Catholic Evidence Guild." "Social Reconstruction" by John A. Smith; "St. Augustine's Social Program," by Rev. William A. Carey, S.J.; "The Economy of High Wages," by Joseph Clayton and the text of a decision by the Supreme Court of North Dakota on "Nuns as Public School Teachers" form the content of the issue of June 22d. July 8th presents Msgr. Robert F. Keegan's able portrayal of "Democracy at the Crossroads" and a statement of "Catholic Principles and War" by Rev. B. Gavan Duffy, S.J., while the issue of July 22d contains the Holy Father's warning of the "Perils of Godless Communism"; a grim picture of "Communists Perverting Youth," by Hon. Harry S. McDevitt, and facts and fancies of "Class War" by Joachim V. Benson, M.S.SS.T.

The telling of **The Story of Father Damien**, from childhood to his heroic end, by Teresa Lloyd, is especially interesting and timely in view of the translation of his relics to his native land. Rev. G. I. McGillivray, M.A., provides a very helpful and useful analysis of **Suicide and Euthanasia**. A reprint of our Most Holy Father's Encyclical on **The Missions** draws attention and sympathy to this "immense battlefield." **The Catholic Church and the Sick**, by Rev. J. M. Brennan, M.R.C.S., is an interesting and striking summary of this activity of the Church in many times and climes. Young women contemplating marriage will find in **Courtship** practical advice attractively put (London: Catholic Truth Society, 5 cents each).

A new "Adult Education Series" opens with two valuable articles accompanied by study outlines: **Parenthood** and **Childhood Religion** by Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., Ph.D., Director, the Family Life Section, N. C. W. C. (Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society, 10 cents each).

The authorship of Alice Curtayne assures a happy presentation of the fascinating personality of **St. Francis of Assisi**. Her story is accompanied by full details of St. Francis' Third Order and its advantages in training for "Catholic Action." "Like father, like son," is the story told by Father Aloysius, O.M.Cap., of a nineteenth century follower of St. Francis—St. Conrad of Parzham, for many years **God's Doorkeeper** at the Shrine of Altotting. **The Unity of the Church** is developed through an extremely useful and illuminating "Study of John XVII." by Rev. Walter Ebsworth. **Hard-Headed Holiness** by Rev. Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., and the **Revolt Against Heaven** and **Random Shots**, by Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., drive home their points in easy, colloquial style

certain to ensure a wide reading (Melbourne: Australian Catholic Truth Society, 5 cents each).

Rev. John A. O'Brien writes in his usual clear, logical fashion of the powers and prerogatives of **The Priesthood: A Divine Institution**; any sincere seeker will find much practical help in Rev. Patrick F. Harvey's **A Search for the True Church**, into whose small compass the Jesuit author has packed a mine of information; Rev. Thomas Meehan's pamphlet is **A Study in Black and White** both within and without, detailing the work done by Catholic communities in America for the Negro, and stressing the fact that the real solution of the problem rests upon the individual Catholic's practice of the love of Christ toward all men (Huntington, Ind.: Our Sunday Visitor Press, 10 cents each).

The Ten Commandments are explained by Father Apollinaris, O.M.Cap., as **God's Traffic Lights** in a series of three booklets: I., "The Rights of God"; II., "The Rights of Life"; III., "The Rights of Neighbor." The treatment is arresting, interesting and especially appealing to youth (Yonkers, N. Y.: Mission Almanac, 10 cents).

The June issue of **International Conciliation** reprints a valuable study issued by the Geneva Research Center on "The United States and World Organization During 1935" (New York: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 5 cents).

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of the Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

B. M. K.: Blanche Mary Kelly, Litt.D., poet and critic, Professor of English, College of Mount St. Vincent, New York City; formerly editorial manager of *The Catholic Encyclopedia*; author of *The Valley of Vision, Mary the Mother*, etc.

C. W. T.: Charles Willis Thompson, author, Scarsdale, N. Y.; former editor of the *Review of Books* and political correspondent for *The New York Times*; author of *Presidents I Have Known, The Fiery Epoch*, etc.

J. F. T.: Rev. Joseph F. Thorning, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Sociology at St. Louis University; associate editor of *Thought* for the department of International Relations and chairman of the Europe Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace; author of *Religious Liberty in Transition*, etc.

J. J. R.: Joseph J. Reilly, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., Professor of English and Librarian, Hunter College, New York City; author of *Newman as a Man of Letters, Masters of Nineteenth Century Prose*, etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *A Sacrament of Duty and Other Essays, A Primer of Prayer*, etc.

K. B.: Katherine Brégy, Litt.D., *Officier de l'Instruction Publique*, author, dramatic and literary critic, Philadelphia, Pa.; author of *Bridges and Other Poems, From Dante to Jeanne d'Arc*, etc.

T. M.: Theodore Maynard, Ph.D., Litt.D., poet and essayist, Professor of English, Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and lecturer at the Catholic University Summer School, College of the Incarnate Word, San Antonio, Tex.; author of *Carven from the Laurel Tree, Preface to Poetry*, etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HARPER & BROS., New York:
They Walk in the City. By J. B. Priestley. $2.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
The Desert Fathers. By Helen Waddell. $2.50.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Lives of the Saints. Vol. X.: October. By Rev. Alban Butler. Edited and Revised by Herbert Thurston, S.J., and Donald Attwater. $2.75.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
The Jews of Germany. By Marvin Lowenthal. $3.00. *Catholicism in England, 1535-1935.* By David Mathew. $3.50.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
Antisemitism Yesterday and Tomorrow. By Rabbi Lee J. Leninger, Ph.D. $2.50.

THE PAULIST PRESS, New York:
The People and the Clergy. By Msgr. Duane G. Hunt. 25 cents.

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., New York:
A Philosophy of Education. By Quincy A. Kuehner, M.A., Ph.D. $2.85.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., New York:
To a Catholic from a Protestant. By Nason Jones. $1.00.

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK, New York:
Pacific Adventure. By Willard Price. $3.00.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
An Odyssey of the Island. By Carl N. Taylor. $3.00.

SIMON & SCHUSTER, New York:
Green Laurels. By Donald Culross Peattie. $3.75.

C. WILDERMANN CO., New York:
Brepols' Roman Missal. $2.50-$5.00.

THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia:
The Catholic Part in the Making of America, 1565-1850. 50 cents.

MEADOR PUBLISHING CO., Boston:
The Gospel of St. John. By Rev. Samuel A. Bragg. $2.00. *Facts and Fancies.* By George W. Wear. $1.50. *The Sacramentary Teachings of the Church.* By Rev. Joseph Jacobs. $2.00.

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